

The Sketch



No. 566.—VOL. XLIV.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1903.

SIXPENCE.



LADY BEATRIX TAYLOUR,

MARRIED ON THURSDAY LAST AT ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, TO CAPTAIN THE HON. GEORGE STANLEY, R.H.A.,
A SON OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF DERBY.

Photograph by Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W. (See Page 220.)



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

The Sketch Office,
Monday, Nov. 30.

MR. BEERBOHM TREE is sometimes dubbed, by theatrical gossipers, "the most courageous manager in London." Hitherto, this eulogistic phrase has merely referred to the costly nature of the productions at His Majesty's Theatre, but a single glance at the current number of *Sandow's Magazine* will show you that the distinguished actor has a physical, as well as a commercial, claim to the description. Mr. Eugen Sandow, it seems, wrote to Mr. Tree for his opinion as to the necessity for the physical culture of actors. Now, Mr. Tree must have known that Mr. Sandow was a specialist in physical culture; he must have remembered that Mr. Sandow, moreover, was a finely developed gentleman; he could not have forgotten that he himself was a light-weight. Judge of his courage, then, when I tell you that Mr. Tree calmly replied as follows: "I should imagine that muscular culture would be rather bad for the actor, as it would for the violin-player." The letter, naturally enough, staggered Mr. Sandow, and the experience was such an uncommon one that he reproduced Mr. Tree's letter in the blackest of black type, and crushed it between a series of weighty arguments from his own pen. I am bound to admit that, in the process, Mr. Sandow reduced Mr. Tree to a pulp, but I am glad to think that the courageous soul of the daring actor-manager is still uninjured.

Dramatic critics, as a body, are a peevish lot of men, but even the most fretful of them will admit that, during the last few weeks, he has been having a gloriously idle time of it. To-morrow evening, however, sees the production of "The Cricket on the Hearth" at the Garrick, a Christmas entertainment that has been divided, boldly enough, into "a warble and three chirps." It is to be hoped that the critics will attend this cheery feast in the right frame of mind. Let them forget, if possible, the other twenty-nine plays and pantomimes that are to be presented to their notice during the present month, and endeavour to imitate the public in making a determined effort after joyousness. Everybody acts a little at this time of the year; even the City Police struggle to realise the pictures of themselves in the Christmas Numbers. It would ill become the critics, then, to remain morose. We do not ask them to laugh aloud; we do expect them, however, to twist their stern features into the semblance of a grin. Mr. Walkley, for example, can smile very sweetly when he is off his guard; Mr. Max Beerbohm is not half so hypercritical as you might suppose; whilst, as for Mr. William Archer, I have seen him, now and again, looking as jolly as a Christmas Plate. Cheer up, my hearties!

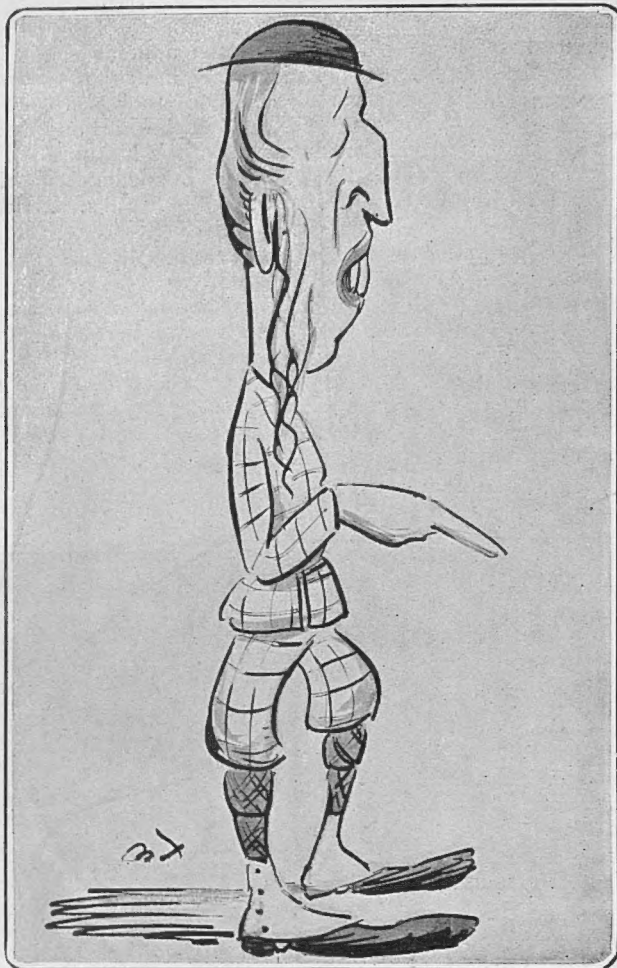
The critic of the *Referee*, I see, warns the authors of "Honor," the new drama produced at the Kennington Theatre on Monday evening last, that dramatists who meddle with editors may expect to get into a muddle. In view of the fact that Mr. Rudolph de Cordova is one of the most experienced working journalists in Fleet Street, the advice, though kindly meant, would seem to be a trifle superfluous. For my part, I thought the editor in this play the nearest approach to the real thing I had ever seen on the stage. His manner towards his proprietor, perhaps, was rather overbearing, but the awkward position in which the poor man suddenly found himself would have made the veriest worm of an editor swell to bursting-point with virtuous indignation. The drama, as a whole, interested me from beginning to end, and was exceedingly well acted. Nothing could have been better than Mr. Norman McKinnel's rendering of the part of John Hudson, the millionaire hero. Miss Henrietta Cowen, too, was very sweet and natural as the millionaire's peasant mother. The play was received by the first-night audience with hearty laughter and honest applause, Mr. de Cordova and Mrs. Ramsey being twice called before the curtain at the close.

Mr. Mulholland, the indomitable, has won his way with the majority of the London County Council, and patrons of the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, will now be able to obtain alcoholic refreshment between the Acts without crossing the road to the little house opposite. I am sorry for the little house opposite, but I must congratulate Mr. Mulholland on his victory. Moreover, I feel sure that every real lover of Drama will receive the news with satisfaction, for it stands to reason that a mad rush to the house opposite, a hasty drink, and a mad rush back again must sadly interrupt the current of the playgoer's thoughts and go far to destroy the impression that the dramatist has struggled to make. When the refreshment is taken within the walls of the theatre, on the other hand, the illusion is less likely to be spoiled, whilst the mind is kept attuned to an artistic pitch by the beauty of the paintings on the walls. For all I know, there may be beautiful paintings on the walls of the little house opposite, but the visitor will not linger to examine them for fear he shall miss the opening of the next Act. From every point of view, therefore, the London County Council may rest assured that they have at last done the sensible and proper thing.

The Lyceum, I note, is to become a music-hall, and Little Tich will cut his capers where once Sir Henry Irving drew tears from the hearts of his devoted admirers. The change, after all, is but typical of the age. We are all afraid to cry, nowadays, afraid to think. We want to go on and on, breathlessly, gaily, carelessly. Hearts are out of fashion in this busy metropolis of ours, and the cunning dramatist, quick to appreciate the taste of the public, writes us a play that goes straight to the stomach. Nobody will miss the Lyceum Theatre; that is to say, nobody of any consequence. On the contrary, a great many people will throw up their joyous caps when they hear that London is to have another music-hall. "Will there be a comedian with a red nose?" Certainly, and he will tell you, nightly, exactly what it was he said to his mother-in-law when she hit him in the eye. "And will there be acrobats?" Of course, because anybody can watch ladies in white tights spinning round on a bar without getting a headache. "And performing dogs?" Assuredly, and for the same reason. Only be patient; keep your pecker up; above all, don't get thinking. It was just that foolish habit of thinking, you know, that made Hamlet . . . Oh, I beg your pardon! My mind had gone back, for a moment, to the dull old place that used to be known as the Lyceum Theatre.

Oddly enough, the new Women's Club is to be known as the Lyceum. This Club is intended to provide a common meeting-ground for women throughout the world who are workers in literature or science. All sorts of arrangements are being made for the benefit of the members, and I am inclined to think, after reading the prospectus, that male writers and scientists, unless they wish to find themselves in the gutter, had better set to work and found a similar institution. At the Lyceum Club, for example, not only will there be kept a complete register of the names of newspapers, particulars of the class of work each paper accepts, and the rates and times of payment for copy, but the members will be carefully posted up in the names of all the editors. Woe be to the editor, therefore, who declines to see any lady with "Lyceum Club" on her card! Think of the poor man's reputation as the shocking story goes from mouth to mouth in the smoking-room! Think of the warnings that will be entered in the "Hints for Beginners" book! But the literary agents will come in for it as well, I notice. "There will also be a register of trustworthy literary agents in every country, with particulars of their methods of conducting business." One wonders how long a time will elapse before every name on that list has been angrily erased.

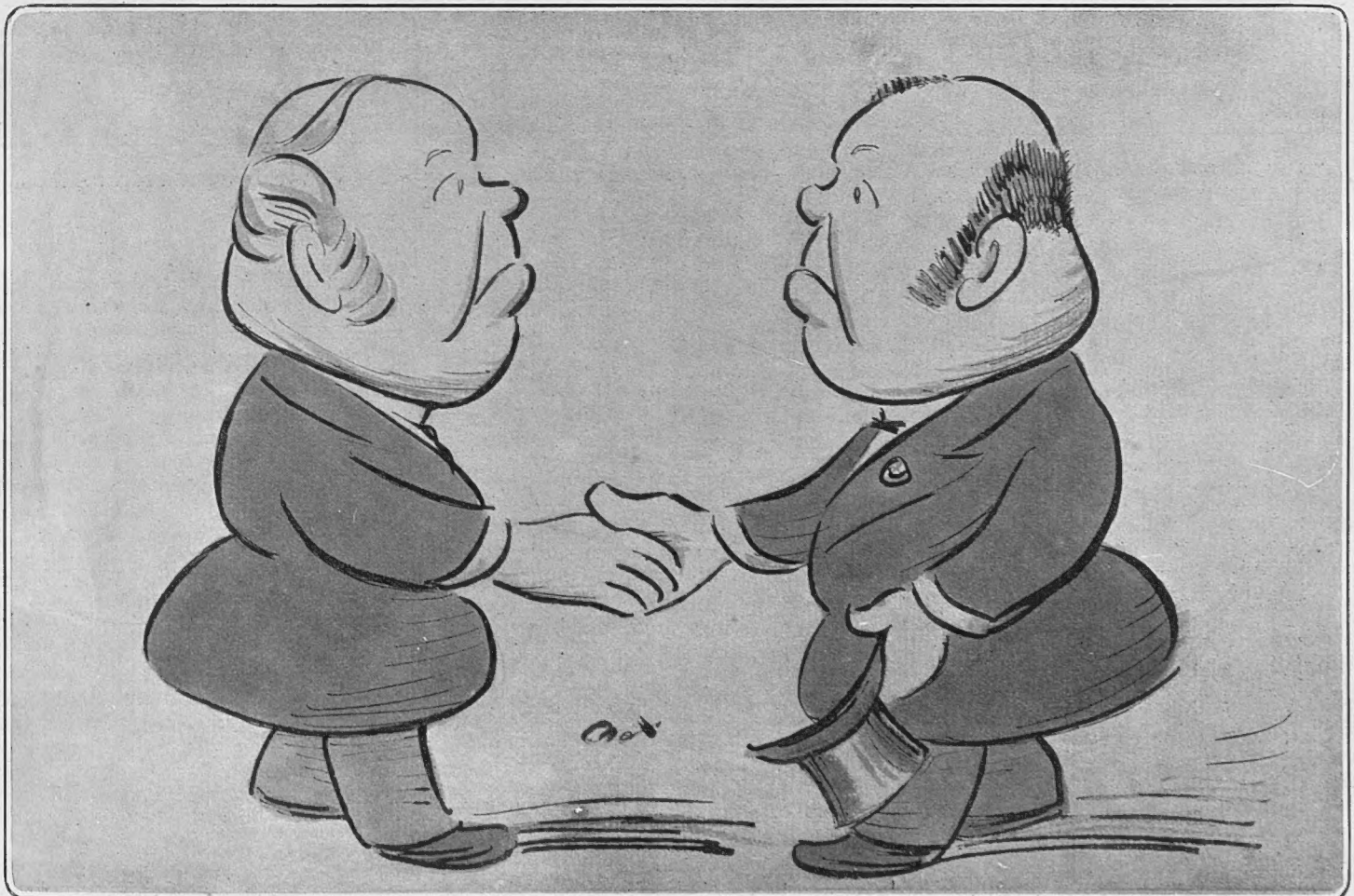
THE VISIT OF THE ENGLISH M.P.'s TO PARIS.



THE ENGLISH MEMBER AS FORESEEN BY THE
FRENCH DEPUTY.



THE FRENCH DEPUTY AS FORESEEN BY THE
ENGLISH MEMBER.



EACH, AS MET BY THE OTHER.

DRAWN BY MAX BEERBOHM.

THE CLUBMAN.

Our Patriots in Paris.

I AM an enthusiastic supporter of the *Entente Cordiale* with France, but until the past few weeks I did not know what a sturdy British patriot I am, with a longing to hook what we all alternately call our "natural ally" and our "natural enemy" to our sea-girt isle with silken ties. I go over to Paris a dozen times in the year, and I used to think that I did so to enjoy myself, but now I know that it is a high devotion to the interests of my country which takes me across the Channel.

When the commercial representatives of Great Britain took ship for France, and were banquetted, and saw all the sights free, I began to think that I really am a self-sacrificing patriot; but since the members of both Houses of Parliament have spent a week in the City of Light, and have eaten gloriously, and have made speeches as a digestive, and have attended receptions, I am quite sure that no purer flame ever burned in the heart of any great martyr to his country's cause than is to be found in mine.

In future, when I breakfast at the Anglais, I shall know that England is holding out the right hand of fellowship to France; when I dine at Henri's, I shall be pleased to think that the two great liberal

crown for his golden intonation of the "Parabasis," that fantastic indictment of humanity from the birds' point of view. Sir Hubert Parry's delightful music was conducted at some performances by the composer and at others by Dr. Wood.

A FASHIONABLE WEDDING.

The marriage of Captain the Hon. George Stanley, of the Royal Horse Artillery, to Lady Beatrix Taylour aroused a great deal of interest in Society circles, and St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, was full to overflowing on Thursday of last week, when the ceremony took place. The Hon. George Stanley is, of course, the fifth son of the Earl and Countess of Derby, while Lady Beatrix is the only sister of the Marquis of Headfort. The officiating clergy were the Rev. Canon Thynne, uncle of the bride, and the Rev. H. Montague Villiers, Vicar of St. Paul's. Lady Beatrix, who was accompanied by her mother, Emily, Marchioness of Headfort, was exquisitely dressed in white satin veiled with tulle and antique Brussels lace, and ten bridesmaids were in attendance, together with two little pages, nephews of the bride. The Marquis of Headfort led his sister up the aisle and her mother gave her away, while the Hon. William Stanley attended his brother as best man. The church was beautifully decorated and an additional touch of colour was lent to the scene by the handsome uniforms of the non-commissioned officers and men of the bridegroom's Battery who lined the aisle. After the ceremony a reception was held at 13, Grosvenor Place, the



"THE BIRDS" OF ARISTOPHANES AT CAMBRIDGE.—CLOSING SCENE: THE MARRIAGE SONG CHANTED OVER PEITHETAIROS (FOUNDER OF CLOUD-CUCKOO-BOROUGH) AND HIS BRIDE BASILEIA.

Photograph by Mason and Basdébé, Cambridge.

nations of Europe are drawing nearer to each other; when I sit in a stall at the Variétés or the Nouveautés, I shall glow with pleasure to feel that I am removing the misunderstanding of centuries; and if I should happen to sup at the Café de Paris, I shall triumph in the reflection that I am leading both countries hand-in-hand along the path of virtue and peace. The only matter which now at all disturbs my mind is the difficulty of deciding which of the various societies for promoting the *Entente* I shall allow to pay my Paris bills for the future.

"THE BIRDS" AT CAMBRIDGE.

The most modern librettist for musical comedy is, beyond doubt, one who has been two thousand years dead and more. Aristophanes, as presented last week at the New Theatre, Cambridge, by members of the University, proved his immortality by the ease with which he adapted himself to the conditions of the modern stage. The exquisite humour and merriment of "The Birds" came across the footlights as "chirpily," perhaps more chirpily, than it floated over the open-air orchestra at Athens in B.C. 400. The great comic poet of Greece under Cantabridgian limelight was no anachronism, for the fowls of the air have not changed, men are still Utopian, litigious, minor-poetical, pragmatical, electioneering, fatuous, ingenious, loth to pay, swift to cheat the gods for gain, and "The Birds," the epitome of these aspects of life, hits them off as no comedy has done before or since. The chorus of birds was a sight for the academic gods and groundlings (among whom was the Lord Chancellor), and of the leading actors special mention, where all were admirable, must be made of Mr. J. T. Sheppard as Peithetairos and Mr. O. L. Richmond as Euelpides, who, with infinite appreciation of the lighter byplay of their parts as well as of their broader comic effects, kept the play moving. Mr. F. C. S. Carey, disguised as the Owl, acted as Coryphæus, and deserves a

residence of Lady Henry Cavendish-Bentinck, and later in the day the bride and bridegroom left for Holwood, Lord Derby's place in Kent.

OMAR KHAYYÂM CLUB DINNER.

Could the old Persian poet have looked in at the Frascati Restaurant on Friday evening of last week, even he, most modest of men, must have felt a thrill of gratification at sight of the notable gathering of men of light and leading assembled to do honour to his memory. Under the genial presidency of Mr. Henry Newbolt, a goodly number of members and guests sat down together, the former including, among others, Mr. Alfred East, A.R.A. (Vice-President), Mr. Augustine Birrell, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Mr. Coulson Kernahan, Mr. Arthur Hutchinson, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, Mr. A. Forestier, Mr. Grant Richards, Mr. Max Pemberton, and Sir Brampton Gurdon; while among the guests were His Excellency Baron Bildt, the Right Hon. Lord Burghclere, Mr. J. Comyns Carr, Mr. Bruce Ingram, Canon H. C. Beeching, Sir Thomas Sutherland, and the Right Hon. Sir Alfred Lyall. An exceedingly pleasant evening was spent, enlivened by many bright speeches and witty sallies. Mr. J. Comyns Carr contributed an amusing item in true Omarian vein which ran as follows—

What though your alien corn was counted cheap,
Life still yields maize and bacon. Wherefore weep?
Still the wild ass may sow his wilder oats,
Free of all duty till Time comes to reap.
The Sultan cries out to his Chamberlain,
Thou wert our prophet; where, then, stands our gain?
But those who gather round the Tavern door
Still chaunt his praises in a long refrain.
Loafers are we, and yet we ask not bread;
Gó tax your corn, and leave us wine instead.
Give us Imperial measures, pint or quart:
The night's carouse is worth the morning's head.

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

HER MAJESTY celebrated her birthday yesterday in the country home she loves so well, and to which she is always glad to return after enjoying for a while the stately splendours of Windsor Castle. Even those who have the privilege of seeing our Sovereign's gracious Consort often face to face find it almost impossible to believe that forty years have gone by since the most popular Princess who was ever known in this country came

to our shores as a stranger. Even on the first trying day she showed how well she understood the nature and temper of the British people; far from seeming afraid of the gigantic crowds which at one moment absolutely impeded the progress of the bride-elect's carriage through the City of London, "the Viking's daughter from over the sea" seemed to thoroughly enjoy what most Royal strangers would have found a very trying if not a terrible ordeal. That veteran historian, Mr. Justin McCarthy, who saw the scene from Waterloo Place, declared his delight "at the sight of that bright, fair face, so transparent in the clearness of its complexion, so delicate and refined in its outlines, so sweet and gracious in its expression."

The Royal Wedding. The news that the next Royal wedding is to take place, after all, at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and not at Claremont or in the Royal Chapel of St. James's Palace, is news indeed. Of late years, most Royal couples have elected to have a town wedding, but the late Duke of Albany and his pretty German bride were married in St. George's Chapel, and Princess Alice has certainly chosen wisely, if the picturesque point of view be considered. It may be safely averred that no prettier wedding than this coming Royal function will have enlivened the Royal Borough since the distant day when the then youthful Prince of Wales led to the altar Princess Alexandra of Denmark. A great Royal and Imperial gathering will take place, and among those who hope to do honour to the Princess of Wales's brother and to King Edward's niece are the German Emperor and the Queen of Holland. Both these Continental Sovereigns will receive a very hearty welcome from the British people, the more so that this will be the first time that Queen Wilhelmina has visited this country since her marriage.

The Empress Alix's Illness. The Empress of Russia spent so much of her girlhood in this country that more than usual interest has been taken in the progress of Her Imperial Majesty's serious illness. Even apart from her own charming personality, the young Empress is dear to the British people as the daughter and namesake of Princess Alice, the publication of whose letters by her sister, Princess Christian, made her seem like a familiar friend to thousands of English readers. The Empress of Russia suffered a terrible blow a fortnight ago by the death, whilst under her roof, of a much-loved little niece, and, doubtless, the shock contributed not a little to her illness. The news that the Emperor has solaced his Imperial Consort by reading aloud, for hours together, passages out of English novels is likely to arouse a good deal of interest in literary circles. One would like to know whether the Empress's taste inclines to the works of Miss Marie Corelli or of "Lucas Malet," of Mr. Hall Caine or of Mr. George Meredith.

Among the young married women who can look back to having been twentieth-century brides, there is none more smart, in the real sense of the word, than Lady Juliet Duff, Lady de Grey's only child. Lady Juliet has a right to her full share of wit and beauty, for she is a grand-daughter of Lady Herbert of Lea, and a niece of Lord Pembroke, Lady Maud Parry, and the late Sir Michael Herbert. She shares her mother's love of Paris, and as a girl she was far more on the Continent than were most of her young contemporaries. Lady Juliet has of late years often helped her mother to do the honours of Lord and Lady de Grey's delightful place on the river; they were among the first to realise the practical value of automobilism, and during the Season Lady de Grey thinks nothing of driving into town to a dinner-party and then finding her way home, through the silent suburbs and leafy stillness of the Thames Valley, in her motor-brougham. Lady Juliet Duff's wedding was the first matrimonial function graced by their Majesties since the Accession; both the King and Queen had known the bride from childhood and took the greatest interest in her engagement and marriage.

Deaths of Members. The death of three well-known members of Parliament within three days is remarkable. Neither Mr. John Penn, Mr. Seale-Hayne, nor Sir Blundell Maple was accustomed to take frequent part in debate, but all were conspicuous in various spheres and all were familiar in Society. While the Conservatives have lost two good men, Mr. Seale-Hayne's



LADY JULIET DUFF.

Photograph by Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.

death is a severe loss to the Liberal Party. Mr. Seale-Hayne was a man of great wealth, devoted to his Party, ready to work hard for it, and a promoter of good feeling at his famous dinners. Although a bachelor, he was one of the best entertainers in the Party. He was known in the City as the Chairman of several prosperous Companies.

The House of Commons will miss the burly figure and cheery face of Sir Blundell Maple. He was a favourite. For a short time the Party leaders were annoyed by his persistence in exposing the remount scandals, but ill-feeling soon blew over and the result of the inquiry raised him in general reputation. Although a pithy speaker, he intervened rarely except in London debates. He was too busy a man to spend a great deal of time on the green benches, but the Whips could rely on his vote. He was popular among the officials, to whom he showed kindness, and everyone was interested when he brought his four-in-hand to Palace Yard.

Veterans in the Fight.

Everybody at the Queen's Hall meeting of the Unionist Free Fooders was amazed by the animation and vigour of the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Goschen. If Mr. Chamberlain left them out of account, he made a great mistake. Both mean business. They defeated Mr. Gladstone's political revolution, and they intend to defeat Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal revolution. He had described them as the

costume associated with my work is quite satisfactory, and I am very sorry to hear it condemned."

This Winter's Principal Wedding.

Lady Marjorie Greville and Lord Helmsley were well inspired when they decided that their wedding should take place in the beautiful, world-famous town where the bride spent her happy childhood and girlhood rather than in London. The marriage of Lord and Lady Warwick's only daughter to the future Lord Feversham will certainly be the greatest matrimonial function of the winter, if not of the year, and the grand old Castle on the banks of the Avon will be filled with a notable gathering of brave men and fair women in honour of the event. The wedding will be celebrated in St. Mary's, Warwick, and not in the private chapel of the Castle. That is as it should be, and is a source of great gratification and pleasure to the many humble friends of the châtelaine of Warwick Castle. Lady Warwick has a perfect genius for organisation. The glories of the Fancy-dress Ball which she gave at Warwick some years ago are well remembered, and it may be safely prophesied that her young daughter's wedding will be the prettiest and smartest affair of the kind ever seen in Warwickshire. It does not seem to be yet settled who are to be the youthful pair's best man and bridesmaids, but, doubtless, Lady Marjorie will find the latter among her first-cousins, who include the daughters of the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, and Lady Angela Forbes.



WHO ARE ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED.

Photographs by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

"drag on the wheel." The Duke retorts that the brake is particularly necessary "when the engine-driver has got down and allowed another to take his place who is running the locomotive at full-speed down the line against all the signals." This is a neat thrust at both Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain, but the latter is not likely to take it "lying down."

Mlle. Adeline Genée.

Mlle. Adeline Genée is grieved, it seems, about "Monocle's" criticism of ballet-dancing and the costume of the *première danseuse*. "I am in a difficult position," she writes, "because I am the only *première* in England just now. But I would like to point out that the half-orange costume is not of our choosing. If the costumier will arise who can give us short skirts that will be more pleasing to the public eye without interfering with the freedom of movement that is essential to the work, I'm sure every principal dancer will be pleased enough. Reference has been made to my dancing in long skirts in 'The Milliner Duchess' ballet. I was quite willing to do that, because I had established my position in the short skirts; but I would not have made an English début in long skirts, nor will I make a first appearance in any country in a costume that violates the tradition of ballet. After all, the public taste in dancing is as varied as the taste in playgoing. Some people like melodrama, others like farcical or musical comedy; so some playgoers like skirt-dancing and not ballet-dancing, though the skirt-dancing is not popular on the Continent, where a principal dancer will give even a Polish or Hungarian dance in the short skirts. Her one concession is in the matter of high boots, which are sometimes worn in Opera. To me, I confess, the conventional

Copyright Law.

The decision between Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen v. Mr. F. J. Aflalo and Mr. C. H. Cook is important, but not nearly so important as some people think. The authors brought an action against Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen to restrain them from publishing a book called "The Young Sportsman," which contained articles contributed by Messrs. Aflalo and Cook to Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen's work, "The Encyclopædia of Sport." Mr. Justice Joyce decided that the publishers were in the wrong, and the Court of Appeal also decided against the publishers, Lord Justice Vaughan dissenting. The House of Lords decided for the publishers, but the publishers' contention was simply that the articles in question, to be first published in the Encyclopædia, were their copyright. They did not contend that if the articles had been first published in a review, magazine, or other periodical of a like nature, the copyright would have been theirs. It does not therefore follow, by any means, that articles contributed to periodicals belong to the publishers of these periodicals, save in cases where the copyright has been expressly reserved. But it *does* seem to follow that articles published in an Encyclopædia are the copyright of the publishers. Thus, the articles written for "The Encyclopædia Britannica" might be republished in book-form by the publishers, unless in the agreement copyright was expressly reserved by the authors. This is a sufficiently important decision, but not half so important as a decision assigning to magazine publishers the copyright in contributions to their periodicals. It is needless to say that the whole subject of the copyright laws imperatively requires reconsideration. At present the state of the law is so uncertain that the greatest experts in copyright law are very reluctant to give opinions to clients.

Queen Victoria and the Detective.

M. Paoli, the famous French detective who for many years past has been entrusted with the safety of all foreign Kings and Princes in France, has already begun to write his memoirs. Early next year the first volume will appear, and it will deal entirely with the visits of Queen Victoria to France. But before the book is printed, the great detective intends to submit the manuscript to King Edward, in order that nothing may be published which ought not to be given to the world. One of M. Paoli's most cherished possessions is a signed photograph of Queen Victoria, although he has a similar memento of every Sovereign who has visited France for many years past.

An Irish Bride-Elect.

Lady Mabel Annesley, who is shortly to marry Mr. Gerald Sowerby, is the pretty step-daughter of the beautiful Irish Peeress who may perhaps claim to be the loveliest of the daughters of Erin. Lady Mabel's own mother was a very charming and kindly woman, a daughter of the famous yachtsman, Colonel Markham, who may be said to have been one of the fathers of the modern yacht-racing world. Through her mother also Lady Mabel is descended from a former President of the Academy. Lord Annesley is the happy owner of a splendid place in Ireland, Castlewella, and of a delightful London house, Annesley Lodge, close to the Regent's Park. There his wife and daughter have often entertained English and Irish friends and Lady Mabel's debutante companions. It is not yet decided whether the marriage shall take place in Ireland or in this country.

A good deal of interest has been aroused on the Riviera by the announcement that the Kaiser has been advised by his physicians to spend some time in the South for the benefit of his health. In spite of the optimistic reports which have been issued, the doctors are by no means satisfied with the state of the Emperor's throat, and he will not be allowed to use his voice for some time to come. It is not known exactly where the Kaiser will spend his holiday, but it will be on the Italian Riviera, and the Imperial yacht *Hohenzollern* will proceed to the Mediterranean, as the Emperor will, in all probability, go for a



LADY MABEL ANNESLEY,
WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO MR. GERALD SOWERBY HAS JUST
BEEN ANNOUNCED.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

cruise in her. The speeches from the throne at the opening of the Reichstag and the Landtag will be read by Count von Bülow.

The Panama Flag.

The Panama adventurers who were so hastily recognised by the United States as a republic have lost no time in presenting themselves with a flag. The new standard is divided into four squares: the upper square nearest the pole is blue, and the lower square is white with a blue star in the centre; the upper outside square is also white, but with a red star in the centre, and the lower outside square is all red.

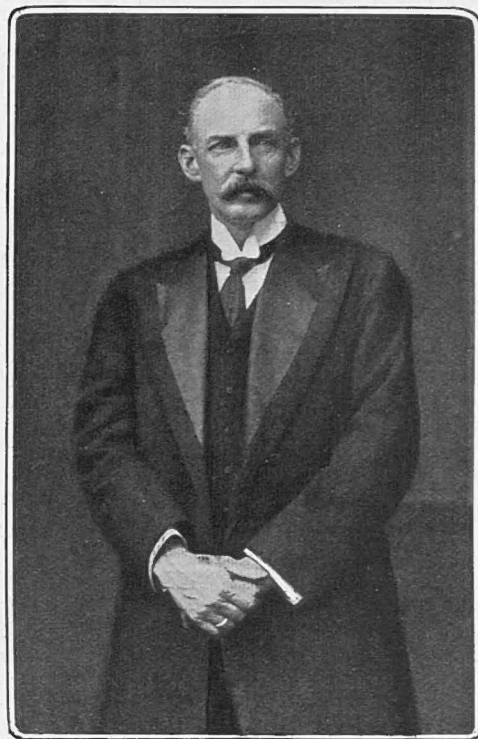
Pius X.

Curiously little is really known concerning the new Pope and his theories of life. All, however, are agreed in regarding him as an essentially liberal Pontiff. In one matter his portraits show a very marked difference from those of his predecessors. He is a robust-looking man and his head is exceptionally large. Pius X. has a fine, serious expression, and when talking his countenance often lights up with an air of unmistakable humour. The Vatican has been frequently described, but probably few people are aware that the magnificent Palace—of which the suite of apartments inhabited by His Holiness are, as it were, the kernel—contains no fewer than eleven thousand rooms. Pius X., who is still in the vigour of manhood, will almost certainly make a point of visiting the vast building in detail. Should he do so, it will be the first

time that any Sovereign Pontiff has actually made himself acquainted with the whole structure.

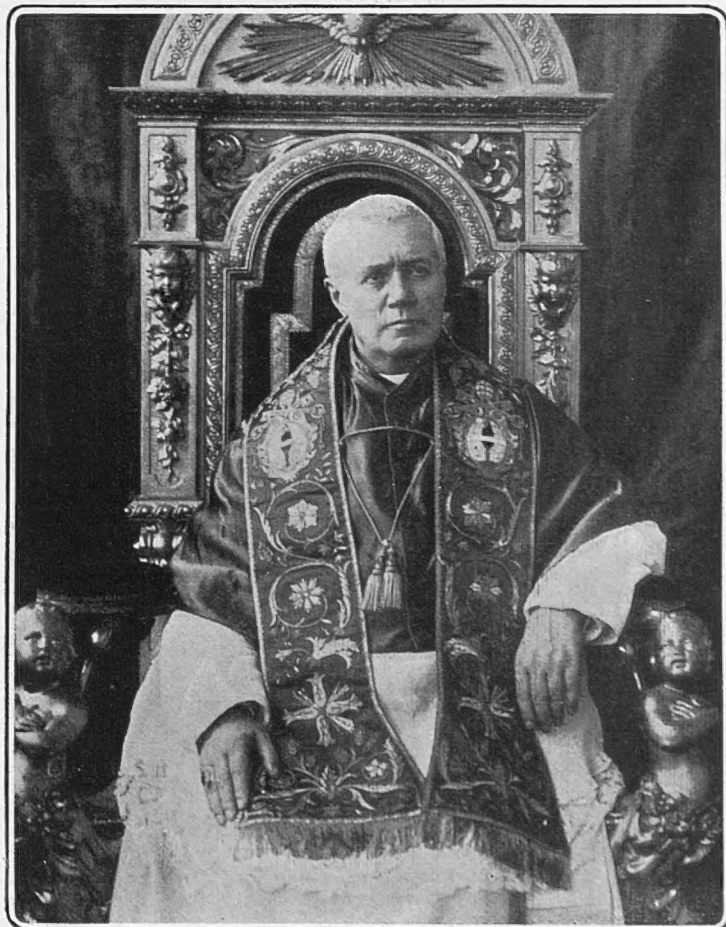
A Favourite Novelist.

Mr. Marion Crawford, though he seldom figures in the columns of personal gossip, can certainly pride himself on being one of the half-dozen most popular novelists in England, America, and the Colonies. Though still in the prime of life—he will not be fifty till next year—it is just over twenty years since Mr. Crawford published his first story, namely, "Mr. Isaacs"; and, curiously enough, the foundation of his great literary fame was laid in thirty-five days, for he began and finished the book in just over a month. It should, however, be said that the writer had done a good deal of journalism before he discovered the gold-mine awaiting him, and there is something odd in the thought that one of the publications to which he was a favoured contributor was the heavy and serious *American Bankers' Magazine*. Of course, Mr. Marion Crawford's most successful group of stories is the "Saracinesca" series. Mr. Crawford and his clever sister, Mrs. Hugh Fraser, also a writer of distinction, were brought up in Rome, and so are intensely familiar with every twist and turn of Roman life. The famous novelist has a remarkable personality; he is a great athlete and an adept at every form of outdoor sport. He is fond of travel and has wandered much in the immemorial East; indeed, it was in Constantinople that he wooed and won his beautiful wife, Miss Berdan, the daughter of an American General.



MR. F. MARION CRAWFORD, THE FAMOUS
NOVELIST.

Photograph by Thomson.



HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS X.

Photograph by Alinari, Florence.

Royalties and Railways.

The fact that the Prince and Princess of Wales motored home to York Cottage from Culford Hall, instead of going by railway, is significant of a great change in Royal habits. The day may come, and that at no very distant date, when great personages will invariably travel "by road," and this will revolutionise all "smart" modes of locomotion. Already many well-known people make a point of motoring each summer to Scotland, and Mr. Andrew Carnegie used to be fond of conveying parties of his friends from London to the Highlands by coach.

This Winter's Great Charity Fête.

Every year sees some more ambitious Charity Fête carried triumphantly through. Early in February a "record" ball is to take place at Covent Garden, the charity to be benefited being the Royal Waterloo Hospital, in which the Duchess of Albany takes so great an interest. The Opera House is an ideal place for such a function and all sorts of well-known people are concerning themselves with the arrangements.

Our Next Royal Visitor.

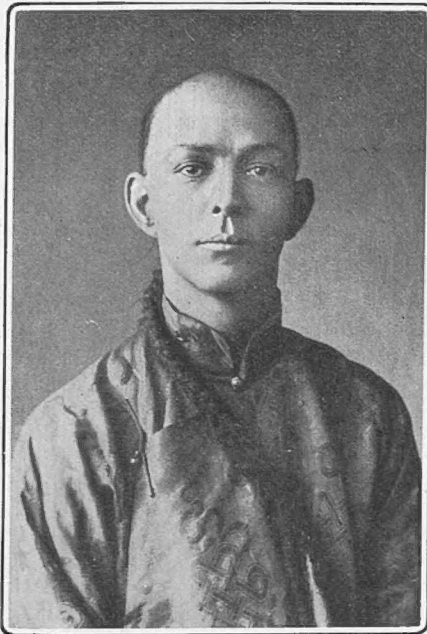
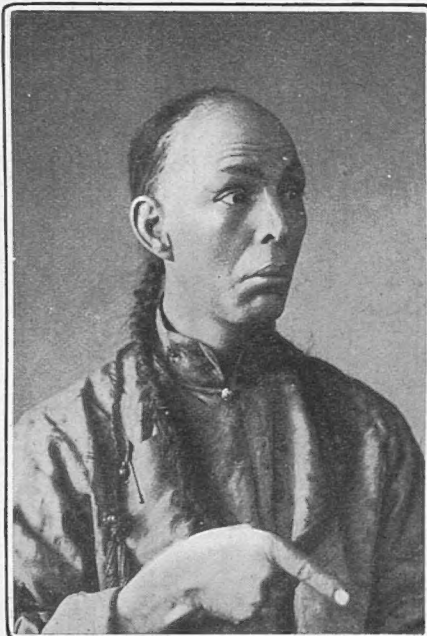
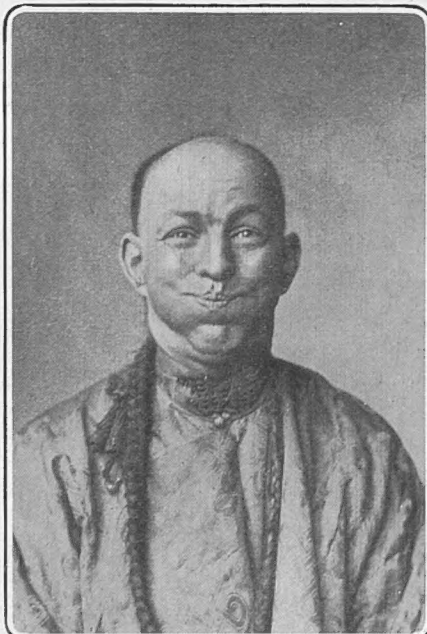
There seems no doubt that our next Royal visitor will be the young King of Spain. England has had time to forget the fear and horror with which the very title once inspired our Elizabethan ancestors, and Alfonso XIII., especially if he come accompanied by his warm-hearted mother, will receive as friendly a reception as that accorded to any of our Sovereign's other brother monarchs. Alfonso, though he is still of an age when English boys are thinking only of cricket and football, is said to be about to begin a tour of the European Capitals in order that he may meet with a suitable Queen. It is, of course, essential that the Princess chosen to be Queen of Spain should be Roman Catholic, young, and healthy, and his mother naturally hopes that he will meet with a bride in her own much-loved Fatherland, Austria. It is thought by some people that the little King is already attached to one of the daughters of our late Imperial guests, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Vladimir. Be that as it may, he will, when staying in this country, enjoy a rest from matrimonial thoughts, for in our Royal Family there is no Princess who could or would care to be Queen of Spain.

The Ducal Honeymoon Couple.

The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, after a short stay with the Dowager Duchess, will proceed to Floors Castle. There they will receive a rousing Scottish welcome, and it is thought that by Christmas they will be ready to entertain a large house-party of their friends and relations in the Duke's ancestral home. The accounts which have been published concerning the way in which this unfortunate honeymoon-pair were treated by their fellow-passengers on the great German liner which brought them to Europe do not reflect pleasantly on human nature. The young Duchess was unable to show herself without a very real fear of hearing her appearance, the price of her clothes and of her jewels, discussed in a loud voice. Small wonder that American millionaires prefer to make their homes in England if this is the ordeal through which they have to pass when dwelling with their own kith and kin. Sympathetic reporters informed the world last week that the bride took the unpleasantness to which she was subject with far greater calm and self-control than did the bridegroom, but he, after all, is new to the American standard of behaviour.

The New Ducal Residence.

Sunderland House, as the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough have decided to style their London residence, will certainly be for many a long day to come the most

*"Me."**"Me do muchee hard trick."**"Clever Chinaman makee people laugh."*

CHUNG LING SOO,
THE CHINESE CONJURER AT THE HIPPODROME.
Photographs by Beaufort, Birmingham.

splendid of twentieth-century mansions. The Duke, who seems to have inherited some of his remarkable father's great artistic taste, is himself superintending the arrangement of all the great reception-rooms, and also of the pretty smaller apartments in which he and his charming American Duchess will spend that part of their leisure when they are not entertaining their friends. One beautiful feature of Sunderland House is the panelling of the rooms, which is in some cases of rare woods, in others of plain silks, or, again, of rich brocades specially woven for the purpose. Much of the furniture is French, and consists, when not old, of reproductions of the finest eighteenth-century pieces. Many beautiful works of art have been brought up to town from Blenheim Palace, and, as the Duke is always willing to back his own taste, artists and craftsmen should rejoice in having a new art-patron in their midst.

Lord Brooke en voyage.

The fact that Lord Brooke has gone to spend a few weeks in America will certainly greatly interest Anglo-American Society, both in London and New York. "Elder sons" are always sure of a splendid welcome in the States, and it may be doubted if the name and personality of any English Peeress are as well known in the great Republic as those of the young traveller's lovely mother. Lord Brooke is a bright-looking young man, already familiar with the grimmer side of life, for, as an Eton boy, he managed to get to "the Front" during the most arduous months of the South African War. He will, of course, be back from America in time to be best man to his intimate friend and future brother-in-law, Lord Helmsley.

Anglo-German Marriages.

The death of Sir J. Blundell Maple recalls the fact that his only child and heiress was one of the very few English girls in late Victorian Society who elected to wed a German noble. Baron von Eckhardstein was attached to the German Embassy, and this, of course, gave him many opportunities of meeting the great millionaire-sportsman's pretty daughter. The Baroness, like Princess Henry of Pless, another fair Englishwoman who has become German by marriage, has always kept in close touch with her own country, while very fond of the Fatherland, where she has formed many close ties. Baron von Eckhardstein is a fine, soldierly-looking man, a keen rider to hounds, and excellent shot. It is possible that he will, in racing matters, emulate his late father-in-law, who was devoted to the Sport of Kings.

Recital at Bechstein Hall.

Mr. Vianna da Motta's Pianoforte Recital at Bechstein Hall last week was in some respects a little disappointing, although there is no question but that he has brilliance, technique, versatility, and quickness on his side to assist one in judging him favourably. He has absolutely no real and definite fault whatever in his playing: at the same time, it is difficult to point out any virtue of his so positive as to lead one to indulge in any violent and exuberant enthusiasm. His playing of Brahms's "Rhapsodie" in G Minor was a curious commentary upon that work; for, although Brahms too often lost sight of the poetry of music in this composition, there are moments in it of most genuine poetry. It was precisely here that M. da Motta did an injustice to Brahms; for he rendered the poetry unpoetically, and thereby seemed to lay a trap for those who have the courage to say that they do not like Brahms—just when he is not in this mood. Here, where Brahms had a genuine touch of romance, M. da Motta, brilliant player though he be, only showed us the purely rhetorical side of the composition.

SMALL TALK ON THE CONTINENT.

[FROM "THE SKETCH" CORRESPONDENTS.]

PARIS. The revue crop this season here in Paris is more than usually prolific, much to the discomposure of many of our compatriots visiting the Ville Lumière. You may know French, you may speak and understand it perfectly, but from a mere knowledge of the language to a comprehension of the jokes in a Parisian revue is as far as the proverbial journey was from China to Cathay before the Trans-Siberian Railway started. Paris is certainly the most provincial city in the world, in that its jokes and conversation topics circle round the doings of the tiny portion of humanity which has the Boulevard des Italiens for its centre, and what happens elsewhere in the world interests Paris very, very little. But we are plunging into the deep-grey waters of philosophy, and I sat down to talk about revues.

The Paris revue is to all intents and purposes an anecdotal history of the year, told in disjointed chapters or scenes, which are bound together by the sayings and the comments of the *compère* and *commère*, an actor and an actress who introduce and talk about the scenes presented, and generally act as the old Greek chorus did. I take it, Aristophanes was the grandfather of revues. Their father here in France was Molière, who, in a play called "Les Fâcheux," ridiculed the follies of the day much as revues do now. But it was not till 1835 that the revue became of real importance. Two brothers named Cogniard hit on the revue in its present form, and kept Parisians laughing every winter from 1835 to 1849, the most celebrated of their plays being "Suffrage Ier," in which Louis-Philippe was held up to ridicule.

This winter, the "Moulin Rouge," which has risen Phoenix-like from the débris of the home of the *cancan* and ranks as the Empire-cum-Palace of Paris, has introduced a novelty. The stage represents a circus-ring in old Versailles. The horse is practically dead, we are informed, and but one specimen remains. The automobile has killed hippomobilism, and, dressed in white satin, Mdlle. Marville, on a milk-white, gilt-hoofed steed, comes forth and shows that the last hippomobilist is graceful as well as unique. This is but one of many pretty things in this particular revue, in which the management have also realised the "Entente Cordiale."

ROME. The King of Italy returns from his delightful holiday and from his visit to Windsor and London to a very troublous Rome. With the shouts of enthusiastic greeting still ringing in his ears, he comes back to his sunny land to find that anarchy instead of order reigns in his highest Law Court, that

Deputies of the Italian Chamber so far forget themselves as to shout across to each other in the public Courts of Law epithets of the most opprobrious kind, and, not content with that, throw ink-pots at



MDLLE. MARVILLE, A GRACEFUL "HIPPOMOBILIST" AT THE "MOULIN ROUGE."

each other's heads, causing streams of mingled blood and ink to flow from the faces of their opponents. Everyone has heard of the fiery Ferri, the undaunted lawyer-Socialist of Italy. He is now the director and controller of the Socialist paper of Italy, the *Avanti*. This paper lives mainly by attracting the attention of the public to the ills of society and by preaching morality to all classes indiscriminately. Certain questions having been brought up by it regarding the granting of contracts for the supply of armour-plates to the Navy, the then Minister of Marine, Signor Bettolo, was attacked with amazing fury by Signor Ferri for implication in this matter. Bettolo resigned in order to prosecute Ferri. The case is now proceeding, with much loss of temper, blood, teeth, and ink.

These things, however, must not be viewed too tragically. It is but another example of the well-known fact that the Italian nature—charming, sunny, delightful as it is—becomes, when really roused by anger, the emblem of impassioned hate, venomous vindictiveness, and murderous intent. The fever of ire is in the blood of the nation; fire breathes forth from the whole being of the outraged Italian; there is no restraining him when once he is let loose. The Bettolo-Ferri incident will pass by and will be followed by many of similar kind; scenes of equally heated nature will occur in the Italian Chamber on the opening of Parliament; very probably, Deputies will then, too, waste ink and break glass ink-bottles on each other's mouths; all this is a necessary adjunct to Italian public life. But the poor King of Italy has to restore order in place of chaos, form a Government where now exists a mere makeshift of a Ministry, and guide his irritated country into smoother waters. He is fully capable of the task and will issue splendidly from his trial.

A NEW SENSATION AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

"Consul" is a Parisian celebrity. For the last few weeks he has been the principal topic of discussion. He was brought to Europe by an enterprising American gentleman. Except for the fact that he cannot actually talk, "Consul" can quite cleverly use the oral method of communication. At a demonstration of his abilities held in Paris recently, he proved to his audience his ability to play the piano, dress and undress, drink, eat, and behave in a perfectly human manner at table. At a supper-party he astounded everybody by his extraordinary grasp of modern etiquette. A most remarkable feature was his facial expressions of pleasure, indifference, and disgust. "Consul" is engaged by Mr. H. E. Moss to appear at the Hippodrome only, for three weeks, at the enormous figure of two hundred pounds per week.



"CONSUL," NOW EARNING TWO HUNDRED POUNDS PER WEEK AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

"THE ORCHID," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE:

A TYPICAL BEVY.



MISS DAISY HOLLY AS A DÉBUTANTE.



MISS CONNIE EDISS AS CAROLINE TWINING.



MISS HILDA JACOBSEN AS ZÉLIE RUMBERT.



MISS VIOLET WALTERS.

Photographs by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

“THE ORCHID,” AT THE GAIETY THEATRE:

MISS ETHEL SYDNEY IN SOME OF HER COSTUMES.



Photographs by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS—THE GERMAN THEATRE.

A MAN at the Club, one of those men who live there, even if they do not sleep there at night, but only in the best seat, with the most-desired newspaper on knee, during the afternoon, startled us by waking up suddenly with a shout. The other sleeping, sleepy, somnolent, and somniferous members jumped. "I have it!" he cried. All waited, agog. "Why don't those music-hall fellows, as a revenge, prosecute the theatre fellows for giving variety entertainments—a sort of Roland for an Oliver? You say I poach on your preserves, and I say you poach on mine. Let's call it a draw, and crack a bottle." Then he went to sleep again, and so did the others. The position certainly is anomalous. If the audience are not permitted to smoke in the auditorium, they are present at a play: if otherwise, otherwise. Apparently, it is a crime to give a play in a music-hall to an accompaniment of tobacco, and virtuous to offer a variety show in a theatre without smoke. What would King James of unblest memory have said of this? Obviously, the whole question needs reconsideration, and the protective attack of managers inspired by the Fiscal policy will serve no useful purpose save to themselves. Obviously, too, it is absurd to abuse them for trying to enforce their rights, seeing that they feel that they do not compete with the halls on a fair basis. The important fact is that we are ruled by history, and not by good sense; and the humour, that few save the lawyers know the history. It is curiously typical of us. Bentham wrote and wrote about the absurdity of the idea involved in the sacred phrase, "the wisdom of our ancestors"; but yet, when we legislate, we still seek to guide ourselves by what they did in other days and with other ideas. We never seem to approach a subject from the point of view of ourselves. Why can we not find a new Napoleon—the Little, and deal comprehensively with the whole amusement system and its proper laws? The subject is big enough. Thousands of buildings, tens of thousands of persons, and millions of money are employed in trying, more or less successfully, to amuse our public—on the whole, irresponsible, indolent, and impatient in such matters, and also tolerant, conservative, and unexact.

At present, everybody has a grievance. Almost all abuse the Lord Chamberlain, and few have a good word for the County Council. Both apparently possess great powers, yet indecent pieces are presented, permissible masterpieces are tabooed, very few buildings are reasonably safe in case of fire, undesirable persons—I am not referring to the dramatic critics—are needlessly obvious at many houses, privileges are enjoyed by some and denied to others without reason for distinction, and the law is chaos. Possibly there is no hope of reform. Unfortunately, legislators find politics more exciting and lucrative than legislation, and would sooner make speeches to which only politicians listen than laws for the service of the land. In matters more important than mere amusement, changes are needed in the law concerning the propriety of which there is no dispute, but the lawgivers have no time to deal with them. Still, gratitude might induce the Party in power to do something for the stage and for the halls, which have always been staunch supporters of Conservatism, a fact, no doubt, very flattering to the Party. It seems, however, an ill-chosen moment to suggest something like free trade in amusement.

At the bottom there is no reason for distinguishing between the theatres and halls, so far as control is concerned, and for having different rights and restrictions. Why should a place licensed as a playhouse be allowed to give a variety entertainment whilst one licensed as a music-hall must not give a stage-play? Why should what is to be produced at the one require the sanction of a Censor while what is given at the other is offered at the risk of the management? Why be allowed to smoke when a person is singing in a music-hall but not when the same person is singing the same song in a theatre? History can answer these questions; good sense cannot. Is it in order to take up the time of police magistrates with conundrums such as "When is a play not a play?" Is it to provide a post for an official—no sinecure, it is true—who is supposed but not believed to be able to guess from a manuscript whether a work will seem indecent on the stage or not? Is it to provide briefs for barristers, cases for solicitors, and grievances for everybody else.

No doubt, the managers of theatres, as a body, are afraid of the halls. Till a little while ago they were a long way ahead of their rivals, but have not held their own, and the fault, I think, is that of the managers, who, however, may lay much of the blame on the dramatic critics. In Paris and in Germany drama is successful against

the halls: in London she has come down to fighting them with unseemly weapons. France and Germany have living modern drama, we have not, and the reason certainly is not that we lack the power of producing the dramatists. Unfortunately, we have got into an impasse. Managers, to make sure of success, or to cut one another's throats, have piled up the cost of production till they durst not make experiments, but must rely on writers of reputation who are not permitted to be original; or, if they employ new hands, make them write like the old; so that, as a rule, when we have a work by a young writer, instead of showing originality or freshness of idea, it reminds one of the hackneyed but immortal phrase, *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*. As an outcome, there are organisations, such as the Stage Society, which represent the real dramatic feeling of the time, but remain, as it were, taboo, exist on a kind of sufferance, and, whatever they may produce, are treated as irregular practitioners.

On the other hand there are the managers who fight the music-halls with their own weapons, and Mr. Avory in the "La Toledad" case ventured to assert that "the most popular theatres in London where you had to book seats were those producing a music-hall variety entertainment . . . really nothing but a series of songs and dances strung together with no real or connected plot." These managers, no doubt, have held their own. The curious consequence is that their enemy, believing that there is a public demand for drama, try to supply it. What a topsy-turvydom! Drama, banished from a large number of the London theatres, seeks a home at the music-hall, and the managers of theatres who have banished her from their playhouses seek to expel her from her new abode!

What is the grievance of the theatres? That they are subject to the Censor—and about this many of them care little, for he does not interfere with their stock-in-trade; and that the audience may not smoke in the auditorium—and concerning this probably most of those who deal in "legitimate drama" are indifferent. Why not abate these little grievances and give the halls full scope? They might, though the view is very sanguine, make some real experiments in drama, or their competition might force the managers of theatres further afield. Of course, remarks such as these, though broadly true, are not entirely just as regards certain individuals and individual instances. Still, the fact remains that the hopes held ten years ago have not been realised; the recent attack on the halls is sadly retrogressive, and it is time that something heroic should be attempted.

The German Theatre still is very busy, and since I last referred to it has produced the German original of the play popular here under the distorted title, "The Sin-Twisters," also an early work by Hauptmann called "College Crampton," Sudermann's excessively successful piece that we call "Magda," and "Narciss," by Brachvogel, of which we had a version some years ago at the Haymarket by Mr. Sydney Grundy under the name of "Madame de Pompadour." The policy which causes three out of four pieces to be the originals of works adapted already for the English market has obvious wisdom and also some disadvantages. For it does not happen often that the pieces adaptable for the cosmopolitan market are of very great value. Perhaps, for "adaptable" one should write "chosen for adaptation." "Magda," for instance, is a sort of accepted battle-horse for "star" actresses and has been done to death. "Narciss" is a stagey, heavy, historical melodrama, admirably acted by Herr Max Behrend and Frau Willig, and essentially unmodern in feeling and style. If the German Theatre were to confine itself to this sort of thing, or immature work such as Hauptmann's play, "College Crampton," its presence would not be very welcome, despite the excellent quality of the acting. Fortunately, it has given and will give other works of greater originality, or, at least, greater freshness of idea and treatment. It is, of course, interesting to see in what way the works get changed in the process of adaptation, though, indeed, when Mr. L. N. Parker is responsible for the English version we expect and get an admirable fidelity to the original source. Despite the curious inequality of his own work, one finds throughout his contributions to the stage a strong artistic conscience which causes him to respect the labours of fellow-craftsmen. He may not have accomplished Mr. Sydney Grundy's *tour de force* in the case of "A Pair of Spectacles" and produced an adaptation which, whilst reasonably faithful, is better than the original, but in "Magda," for instance, has given a play which would, I fancy, have deceived even the closest observer into the belief that it was an original work.



MISS ETHEL NEGRETTI,
ENGAGED TO PLAY "SECOND GIRL" IN THE PANTOMIME AT DRURY LANE.
Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

WHENEVER cricket plays an important part in the thought of men and boys, and through them becomes a matter of interest to their womenkind; wherever batting and bowling



"NICE FRESH MORNING, EH?"

averages are of no inconsiderable moment—and in what household are they not from leafy May until the football is got out?—the name of Mr. A. C. MacLaren is held in high repute. As a batsman he stands unrivalled, for to him belongs the distinction of having made the record score in first-class cricket. This occurred in 1895, when he was playing for Lancashire against Somersetshire, and he made 424 runs. What this means it is, perhaps, impossible for anyone but a cricketer to realise, and, even then, he must be a cricketer who has himself been accustomed to make large scores against first-class bowling.

If it may not truly be said that Mr. MacLaren was cradled in "the willow," it is certain that, when he was able to handle a bat with anything approaching dexterity, his cricket education was taken in hand by men who were enthusiastic about the game. This was at Elstree School, whither he went with his brother, Mr. J. A. MacLaren. When they were not at the nets in the summer, they were in the football-field in winter, with the result, as Mr. MacLaren modestly puts it, that they "could scarcely fail to show a bit of form." Nor was there less enthusiasm at home on the subject of the game, for during the Christmas holidays Mr. MacLaren's father, Mr. James MacLaren, always made a point of engaging some first-class men to bowl to his sons, among them being Crossland, Watson, and Briggs. Some of Mr. MacLaren's earliest cricketing reminiscences of an amusing character actually date back to that time. Even in those early days the boy gave promise of the suppleness of wrist and strength of arm which were to distinguish the man in later years. While practising one day, a gentleman, dressed more for the City than for the cricket-field—for he was wearing a top-hat—stood watching the boy. In a few minutes a ball pitched just right. The lad smote it with all the might of his young strength, and sent it clean through the top-hat, to the amusement of all the

other lookers-on, if to the chagrin of the unfortunate owner.

From Elstree Mr. MacLaren went to Harrow, where, it need hardly be said, his prowess with the bat won him the honour of playing for the school. While at Harrow he owed a good deal to the encouragement and advice of the late Earl of Desborough, Mr. I. D. Walker, and Mr. M. C. Kemp, men who were always ready to encourage youthful talent in the game they loved and played so well. At Harrow Mr. MacLaren also played football, but was compelled to give it up, as the result of continually wrenching his knee, or he would, no doubt, have excelled in that as in the summer game. Still, acutely devoted as he is to the charms of an open-air life, he is by no means devoted to all forms of so-called sport. He cares very little about shooting, though he takes a keen delight in coursing. Indeed, he has been heard to say that he would walk a hundred miles to see a Waterloo Cup sooner than cross the road to see the Derby. His old enthusiasm for football is demonstrated by the frequency of his visits to important matches. Perhaps his most amusing experiences have occurred in Australia, whither, it will be remembered, he went as a member of



"COME ALONG IN."

Mr. A. E. Stoddart's team in 1894-5, and again in 1897-8. During the first Test Match, played at Melbourne in 1897, Mr. MacLaren was easily caught at short-leg off a ball which he is, as a rule, extremely strong in playing. After he had returned to the Pavilion and was taking his pads off, Mr. Stoddart went up to him and said that the stroke appeared to him to have been rather a weak one.

"To tell you the truth, Stoddie," replied Mr. MacLaren, "the flies out there are very bad, and just as I shaped for the stroke a fly got plumb into my left eye, and, not having time to walk away, I went through with the stroke seeing nothing. But don't say a word about it," he continued, "as it sounds a rotten excuse." Subsequently, however, Prince Ranjitsinhji, who was also a member of the team, remarked, in the course of an interview, on the ill-luck of the representatives of England, and stated it was through getting a fly in his eye that MacLaren got out. Naturally, the most was made of the

fact in all the papers, and shortly after, while walking through the Arcade in Sydney, Mr. MacLaren found himself confronted with a life-size picture of himself with an enormous wasp in his eye. That fly was the subject of amusing comment for a long time, and even to-day it is still told by the friends of the cricketer with no little gusto. Naturally, Mr. MacLaren desired to get even with "Ranji," and told him to look out and beware. Nemesis was not long in coming. The team was out pony-racing one day, and "Ranji," like the Prime Minister in "Honor," was so elated at backing a winner that he could hardly restrain his feelings of joy, and, as the diminutive jockey weighed-in, called out, "Bravo, little man! You can come round to my hotel to-night and I will give you something."

Several people heard the remark, and it was not surprising that during dinner the famous Sussex cricketer was called upon for the promised douceur. A few minutes after, the waiter again walked up to the table, quite unable to conceal a broad grin on his face, to announce that a very small boy was asking for "Ranji." The boy was in reality the jockey, and "Ranji's" first visitor was some unscrupulous rascal who had impersonated the rider and had pocketed the "fiver" which had been intended for the other one's reward.

Naturally, Mr. MacLaren lost no time in seeing a journalist, and on the next Saturday, in one of the most notorious pictorial publications "Down Under," there appeared a picture of Prince Ranjitsinhji sitting on a throne, with an awful-looking blackguard, weighing at least eighteen stone, asking for the promised five-pound note for having ridden the pony.

During the tour of 1894-95 Mr. L. H. Gay and Mr. MacLaren were often mistaken for each other, a resemblance which led to another of the "getting back" reprisals which, however amusing afterwards in the relation, are apt to be less so at the time. On one occasion, Mr. MacLaren was batting all day, and at an entertainment given that evening Mr. Gay received no end of congratulations from the ladies on his prowess. Mr. Gay was made to take all the pretty speeches to himself, and Mr. MacLaren



"NO, I DIDN'T WIN THIS, BUT ONE OF MY GREYHOUNDS DID."

LXX.—MR. A. C. MACLAREN.

had to resolve to bide his time to score off him. Again he had not long to wait. One day, they were going to see a racing-stable, and went to it on horseback. It is no libel on Mr. MacLaren's skill to say that he is better on a sticky wicket than on a horse. The animal bolted and ran away with him for some two miles, not

unaccustomed things. He was watching some cattle being brought in for branding, when a cow turned back and went for him. The rapidity with which he climbed the stock-yard fence to get out of the way has been a never-failing source of wonder to him ever since.

Many men keep themselves in condition



"PHEW! THAT'S BETTER! I HATE HOUSES."

stopping until they reached Ballarat. Mr. Gay did not trouble to ride after Mr. MacLaren, but continued in the opposite direction. Naturally, all Ballarat soon knew that one of the members of the Stoddart team had been in trouble, and it was the most obvious thing in the world for Mr. MacLaren to go to the newspaper office to say that he and Mr. Gay had



"TURKEYS FOR CHRISTMAS, YOU SEE."



"THIS CHAP MEANS TO BEAT MY RECORD SCORE SOME DAY."

through the winter by practising cricket. Mr. MacLaren, however, takes things easy, for he does not believe in hard exercise, and does no more than is necessary to keep himself fit, allowing his muscles to become thoroughly loose after the hard training which four months' constant cricket means. After the season, with the incessant roar of the crowds, he finds



"EVEN A GREENHOUSE IS IRKSOME TO ME AFTER A FEW MINUTS."

been out riding. Mr. Gay's discomfiture may be imagined when, next morning, he saw in the local paper a statement to the effect that he had no idea of handling his mount and was naturally bolted with.

On another occasion, Mr. MacLaren had forcible proof of the extraordinary speed with which one can do quite

"AND MORE COMING ON. ARE YOU INTERESTED IN INCUBATORS?"

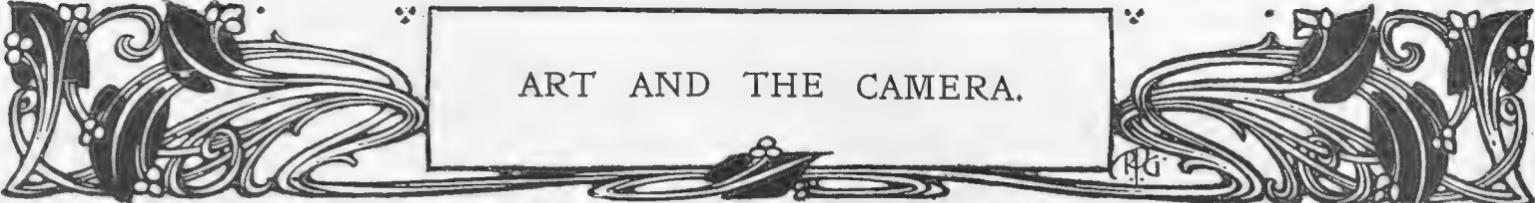


"FURTHER PREPARATIONS FOR CHRISTMAS. NOTHING LIKE A YULE-LOG!"



"IN THE MEANTIME, I FEEL QUITE INCLINED TO HAVE A SHOT AT IT MYSELF."

the greatest advantage in living in the country, grubbing about his garden and watching the farmyard animals, as well as in the cultivation of the domestic side of life which appeals so truly to every Englishman, especially to those who lead an outdoor life, and which is the mark of the sanity and strength of the nation.

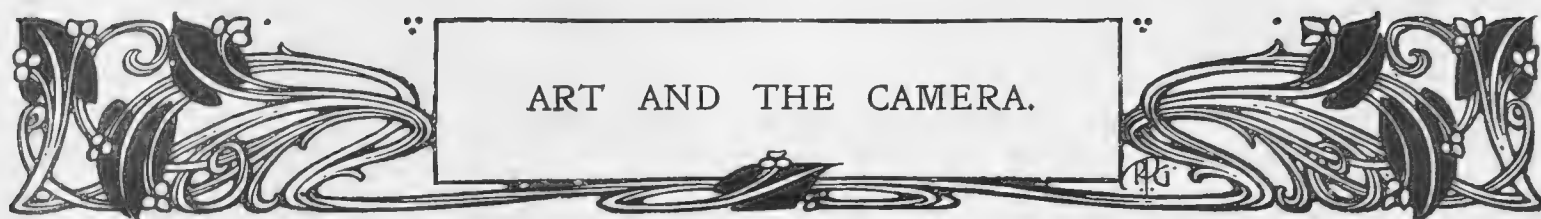


ART AND THE CAMERA.



MISS ANNIE FOX, A PRETTY ARTIST'S-MODEL.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.



MISS BLANCHE CARLOW, PLAYING IN "THE ORCHID" AT THE GAIETY.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

KING LEBAUDY of the Sahara Empire has been recruiting for his new expedition to the kingdom of his choice, and some of the sailors may be seen just now on the French Mediterranean littoral, where, I read, they express themselves with perfect frankness about their lord and master. They do not see him often, and his orders are brought by an Aide-de-Camp; but they may not speak of him save as "His Majesty," and when in the presence they must call him "Sire." As they are born and bred Republicans, it is reasonable to suppose they are very well paid for the sacrifice of their principles. The witty but unkind French papers, referring to the fact that Lebaudy's kingdom will be built on sand, say that his fortune was built on sand, too—an uncivil reference to the fact that his forbears founded the family wealth by selling sugar. For myself, I am content to look on King Lebaudy's comedy with keen interest and the pleased feeling that romance is not yet dead.

I read also that the people of Nice are unwilling to let the joke rest and that the Emperor of the Sahara will be the presiding genius of the coming Carnival. The responsible authorities will give the Emperor an Empress—not too attractive, you may be sure—who will be carried in a litter by Bedouins, there will be a band of native musicians, and the Emperor will be followed by a large harem. In short, the entire episode will be treated on the broad lines so well calculated to delight the cosmopolitan crowd that assembles at Nice in Carnival-time: but long ere the day arrives King Jacques will have left the scene, and perhaps his Ambassador to the French Republic will call upon M. Delcassé and instruct him to have the Carnival stopped or face the consequences of an Emperor's displeasure. Judging by M. Delcassé's recent speech in the French Chamber, he is anxious to extend the area of peace, and France has many troubles in the Sahara just now.

Our hard-worked legislators who have gone to Paris to aid in the development of international amity are about to combine a little pleasure with their business. By the time these lines appear they will have finished their labours in Paris, Bordeaux, and Lyons, and will probably be on their way to Nice and Monte Carlo, the pleasant

journey south being included in their itinerary. They will be entertained, says my paper, by the authorities of both towns, and presumably the share of the cost that falls upon the Principality of Monaco will be more than covered, for even our legislators are human; they have roulette systems, and the Bank lives on the men who carry systems to Monte Carlo. Although December is only beginning, amusements are abundant in the Principality, the light-opera season has opened, and M. Léon Jehin has commenced his fine series of classical concerts.

We grumble at Russia—indeed, my morning paper is very angry with it—but I can't help thinking that the Czar's administrators take a lot of beating. I read that commercial agencies are being established by the Government right along the line of their great Far-Eastern railway, and now M. Altmetz, who is a high authority upon commercial questions, has been sent by the commercial administrators of the Manchurian line to visit all the great Russian factories and tell manufacturers about the agencies, and how to send goods there and have them sold. The worthy Commissioner has been to all Russia's great centres, to St. Petersburg, Moscow, Warsaw, Kieff, and other towns too numerous to mention, and now every manufacturer of importance knows what he has to send, how he has to send it, and where it will be in most demand. This union between the Ministry and the merchants is making its mark upon Russian trade in the East, but in this country it is considered bad form to agitate for as much, or as little, as a Ministry of Commerce.

I note with pleasure that there has been another victory by the United States forces in the Philippines. The authorities at Washington keep very quiet about their campaign in the country Spain could not subdue, but now and again they forget their pious resolves and

publish news of a great victory. Then the world is rudely reminded that the Filipinos are still unsubdued, that the merry game undertaken by the States at the bidding of Mr. Hearst still continues, and that the golden era of profitable occupation has not yet dawned for the latest arrivals into the circle of Empire-makers. Every six months or so the American troops are rewarded with a great victory, and these victories will tend, as years go on, to become chronic, like the Dutch triumphs in Java.



SHOWMAN: *These queer little people come from the centre of South America.*
BOY: *And where do you come from?*

DRAWN BY LANCE THACKERAY.

A NOVEMBER MORNING.

I don't know why the other morning should have seemed the most beautiful of all the autumn's fine days, but it did. From my window I watched the light white mist roll away over the lawn to the great hedge where only the laurustinus cared to flower; then it curled up over the shrubbery and left the copper-beeches glowing as though no winter could trouble them.



A COUPLE OF RABBITS HAD BEEN TEMPTED
TO LEAVE THEIR HOMES.

I had asked for a long walk with a fair chance of a few shots at fur or feather—just an excuse for hard exercise and a little shooting, with a simple lunch, *al fresco*, on a stile. Nothing in the world of sport, so far as I can claim connection with it, pleases me more than such a day when the weather favours it.

We went across a little meadow, where the sun had worked so rapidly upon the early morning hoar-frost that the grass was dry and a couple of rabbits had been tempted to leave their homes in the unbrushed hedges. We left them on a branch by the stile and went between the plough-land, rich in colour and fragrant in scent, and the copse whose elms attract the wood-pigeons that arrive with the winter from oversen. Luck was in our way rather than theirs, and my host's wonderful right and left was something I found it easier to applaud than to imitate. Then puss left her form right in front of my feet, and I let her run where she would, quite unthreatened. With ears down flat, she raced along the furrow, dashed through the gate; I followed her flight until she became a faint, dull patch rising and falling over uneven ground in the far distance.

My kindness was justified. We came suddenly upon a couple of pheasants, cock and hen, that rose from the brow of the ditch. I think they had strayed after the hips and haws on the hedge, and, though they did not give the high sporting chance beloved of first-class shots, and came to bag without an effort, I was not the less satisfied.

We strolled on, talking, like the Walrus and Carpenter, of many things, and, though one or two birds rose just out of shot, in places where we might have expected them, we did not complain, and a fat partridge came suddenly to the bag, rising quite by himself.



FLOCKS OF SMALL BIRDS ROSE IN SUDDEN FLIGHT TOWARDS THE BARN
OF A FARM-HOUSE IN THE VALLEY.

"Good!" said my host. "If he had been left, he would have been creating a disturbance with the young pairing birds in a month or two. He ought to have been shot last year."

Two more pigeons, two more rabbits, a cock-pheasant whose lady-love was allowed to go unharmed to the plantation, and the lad in charge of the luncheon-basket was found at his appointed place.

We sat looking out over the undulating Weald of Sussex, by the edge of the wood whose fading bracken had not yet lost all its colouring. The last watery remains of the early morning frost dripped on the dry dead leaves that covered the woodland paths, the sun penetrated to all the remote corners that the summer had sought to hide.

Flocks of small birds rose in sudden flight towards the barns of a farm-house in the valley, an old place with glowing red tiles and diamond-paned windows that welcomed the strong light and gave it back to us; a magpie went swiftly about his business in flashes of black and white; a jay screamed in the wood and the blackbirds scolded it as they fled from bush to bush; I heard the patient tapping of a woodpecker and saw a large stoat run into the hedge. Apart from the sounds that belong to the country, the silence was supreme, and when we sent the lad home with an empty basket and a full game-bag our sense of satisfaction owed as much to the landscape as the lunch.



THE LAD IN CHARGE OF THE
LUNCHEON-BASKET.

One or two shooting-parties in the neighbourhood had scattered pheasants over the land. Four came out of one field where the root-crop had not been taken up, one rose under my feet by a heap of dry leaves under a bank so suddenly that I was startled into firing at too close range and missing him with both barrels. My host's better judgment and keener eye remedied the mistake with a single barrel when the long-tail was forty yards on the road to safety.

Then we went down to the little river and tramped along in search of snipe, an unsuccessful search, though it yielded a rather rare and very welcome addition to the bag in the shape of a fine mallard.

A rabbit, two partridges, another pheasant, and then the falling light and rising mist warned us of the approaching evening.

We made our way home under some tall elms well-nigh bare, a place that many wood-pigeons had settled upon for a peaceful night's rest, and they tumbled out unexpectedly in the strong flight that is hard to follow at any time, and especially hard when the twilight magnifies the birds and plays tricks with the eye.

Of my own performance I will say nothing more than that it was by no means a creditable one, but my companion made amends; the circumstances under which he fails to account for the greater part of all he aims at have yet to be invented.

By the time the house was reached the white mist was dominating the land, the bright fire and cosy tea-table were things that called for thanks.

"Yes," said my host, in corroboration of my estimate of the ground we had covered, "I should think it would be fifteen miles, as nearly as possible. We were out six hours and rested half-an-hour at lunch."

To me it was the most pleasant day of the waning year.

S. L. BENSUSAN.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

I HAD a conversation the other day with one of the shrewdest men in the literary world. He has just returned from New York. He had much to say about the condition of the publishing business in that city. There seems to be little doubt that financial troubles overcloud the prospects in the book-world. There is much less buoyancy and hopefulness. It is peculiarly difficult to sell the serial rights of English stories. Sometimes editors are willing to take them and allow the publishers advertising space, but generally they prefer tales of home-manufacture. On the other hand, there is some promise that the demand for English books will revive. The booms of new American authors are becoming rarer and rarer. The Tammany victory in New York and other circumstances make the outlook less bright than it should be.

Sir Leslie Stephen's account of his journalistic experiences is frank and pleasant. Of Carlyle he says: "His features told sufficiently

that his long pilgrimage had led through the regions of gloom and sorrow, but the personal dignity of the man was impressive, and his rare but hearty laugh showed that the humourist could be conscious of his own extravagances." I am glad that Sir Leslie Stephen speaks of his "inimitable Life of Sterling." No less a critic than Dr. Stopford Brooke has recently spoken in a slighting way of Carlyle's Lives of Schiller and Sterling. As if the two could be coupled! Sir Leslie Stephen is one of the old *Saturday Reviewers*, and, like others of his brethren, has given reminiscences of his great days. The only new feature in his recollections is a warm tribute to G. S. Venables, who broke Thackeray's nose at the Charterhouse and was for many years the chief political writer on the *Saturday Review*. Sir Leslie Stephen is, no doubt, right when he says that Venables' Recollections embodied in fresh and scholar-like style the opinions prevailing among the most intelligent circles of the London society of which Holland House had been the centre in the preceding generation. Sir Leslie Stephen

admits that Freeman "was a bit of a pedant and had a rough and uncouth surface." Of his own brother's "Essays by a Barrister," he says: "They could not have been popular, for they were directly deficient in the sentimental optimism which attracts a virtuous public." They were certainly not optimistic, but in parts they were sufficiently sentimental. Has not Mr. Greenwood told us how Fitzjames Stephen wrote some of his *Pall Mall* articles with the tears running down his cheeks?

There will not be very many personal reminiscences of Henry Seton Merriman, for he was rarely seen in the haunts of authors and journalists. He was, however, a member of the Reform Club, where those who knew him found him always ready to talk in his unassuming, gentle way. He shrank all his life from publicity. In the beginning of his career as an author he kept the secret of his books from his nearest friends, and, when at last he struggled into popularity, he deliberately retired from London, to escape the penalties of fame. His hold upon the public when he died was very strong, and of him it may be truly said that he grew in popularity to the last. He was always somewhat delicate, but he should not be described as an invalid; and the description would certainly not have pleased him, for he had some pride in his prowess as a golf-player and he was an ardent and enjoying traveller. Though on terms of friendly acquaintance with some living authors, he had very few intimates among professional novelists. No one, however, gave a more ungrudging recognition to merit, and I should think it might safely be said of him that he made no enemies.

The edition of Hakluyt which Messrs. Maclehose have commenced has been very successful, so successful that they now announce that they are preparing to supplement their Hakluyt with a reprint of Purchas's "Pilgrimes." This work is described by the author as "Hakluytus Posthumus," in recognition of the debt which he owed to Richard Hakluyt for the legacy of some unpublished manuscript. Purchas will run to twenty volumes, and Hakluyt makes twelve. The value of Purchas is that it contains records of early voyages otherwise unknown. Probably he had the originals of many journals to work upon. Though his book has been steadily rising in price, the author had little benefit from it. It was a very expensive book to produce, and there is a story that poor Purchas died in a debtors' prison, one of the earliest victims of the angry publisher. However this may be, it is certain that he died in poor circumstances shortly after the appearance of his "Pilgrimes." The work was originally published in 1625-6 in four folio volumes, to which the fourth edition of the "Pilgrimage" was added as a fifth volume. O. O.



CHRISTMAS GEESE.

A FLEMISH SKETCH BY OSCAR WILSON.

FIVE NEW BOOKS.

"THE STORY OF SUSAN."By MRS. HENRY DUDENEY.
(Heinemann, 6s.)

Mrs. Henry Dudeney has made a very remarkable advance in her latest novel, and one of the secrets of her success is that she has ceased to write about the present and has chosen a period that gives her full scope for imaginative writing. Too little of our fiction nowadays is imagined, and that is reason why so much of it fails of persuasive charm. Charming "The Story of Susan" is, with its idyllic portraiture of a Sussex village community of sixty years ago. The very names of the characters have the morning dew upon them. With a heroine called Susan Planterose, what might not be achieved? And Mrs. Dudeney has done a great deal. The course of true love between Susan and Martin Heritage, the upright young silversmith who put Lady Barwell to the shop-door rather than take her order for the electro-plate he despised, runs with traditional roughness. The intrusion of the town dandy, Willie Merton, to the wrecking of Susan's and Martin's happiness, may be no new tale, but the setting is not quite like anything we remember, and the shadow that haunts Merton's life has just that touch of modernity which the writer cannot escape. There is over all a delightful atmosphere of the very early Victorian period before, as Mrs. Dudeney thinks, the Exhibition of '51 extinguished taste, and the times are well portrayed. The war between Church and Chapel adds to the humanity and inhumanity of the picture, and the writer has handled this difficult subject with considerable tact and some understanding. She has not, however, reached the tolerance and entire freedom from contempt that made the portrait of Dinah Morris so complete and sympathetic. But Mrs. Dudeney must, for her many excellencies, be forgiven her occasional shortcomings. Nevertheless, we must implore her, for the good that is in her, to abjure the split infinitive and the lurking anachronism. And she must watch her cases and avoid saying, as on page 190, "It gave them time, she and Susan, two shaken women, to recover themselves."

"DENIS DENT."By E. W. HORNUNG.
(Isbister, 6s.)

Following the tendency of the times, Mr. Hornung has been temperate in choosing the characteristics of his hero, his heroine, and his villain. He has realised, as the "household" novelist is at length realising, that human nature is as complex in the individual as in the community, and has taken care that the people of his world are neither utterly good nor utterly bad, as the transpontine melodramatist would have us believe. His hero, determined not to win his wife by the accident of chance, is, perhaps, a shade too eager to pursue his fortune in the goldfields; the heroine, on receiving news of the apparent infidelity of her lover, marries the villain with a haste that is unheroic beside the doings of the doleful spinsters of early Victorian romance, who preferred to languish their lives to an end as maids rather than wed any but the first love; the villain, after tacitly allowing his despicable game to be played to the end, dies fighting magnificently against his country's enemies. And by their very faults they gain easier credence. Otherwise, Mr. Hornung deals with a conventional subject in a conventional manner, and the result is a comparatively simple story of love, treachery, and derring-do, calling for little concentration, but sufficiently entertaining to conquer boredom. The scene is laid on the high seas, in Hertfordshire, in the Crimea, and in the goldfields of Australia. It is in Australia that the author is at his best. His sense of the picturesque has stood him in good stead, and he has given a capital picture of Ballarat in the 'fifties, when fortunes were made in a day and spent in a night, when wealth and poverty were bedfellows, when men of all nations were giving their lives and their souls to tear fortune or failure from the reluctant earth—a situation epitomised in a single sentence applied to the Melbourne of those days: "In some of the shop-windows the things were marked 'Very Dear,' to tempt the plutocratic plebeian; in nearly all there was . . . the legend 'Gold Bought in Any Quantity.'" Altogether, "Denis Dent" is a book that any girl can advise her parents to read; not namby-pamby, but innocuous.

"THE RISING GENERATION."By CONSTANCE ELIZABETH MAUD.
(Smith, Elder, 6s.)

This collection of sketches of child-life is really a series of stolen peeps into different families, and the author has touched off the various individualities of her great circle of child friends in a most humorous and fascinating manner. Judging from the "I" of the narrative, she herself is an artist living with her brother Peter, the dearest old Professor, not by any means as slow as he pretends to be. One of our favourites in these studies is the episode from Peter's own boyhood, when all his troubles arose from his inability to say "Thank you" for a tool-box in a gracious enough manner, while all the time his little heart was throbbing with gratitude. "An American Schoolgirl" teaches us what might be in store for us if ever we should be good-natured enough to entertain a Miss Juliet B. Brinker, aged fifteen; but

we cannot regret that Camilla and Peter did so, since Camilla's account of her is so extremely entertaining. Finally, let us commend to all sufferers from the ways of spoilt children "A Lord of Creation." In reading of Master Billy's manner of dealing with his parents and his parents' guests, they will probably feel that to every deep there is a lower depth. The author strikes another note in "The Heart of a Soldier" and "Gina of Moss Alley," but, whether she is grave or gay, her keen appreciation of the youngsters and insight into their characters make ever keener the feeling that when "the younger generation comes knocking at the door" the stale and unprofitable world rejoices to see itself renewed.

"AN OATH IN HEAVEN."By JOHN RYCE.
(Clarke and Co.)

This somewhat solemn-sounding title covers a harmless enough little story. After some youthful peccadillo, Lord James Bagshot Warner throws himself on the mercy of his father, the Marquis of Pierhampton, only to find that quality conspicuous by its absence, and in a letter left behind him he states, "You have disowned me, and I have sworn solemnly to God never to acknowledge your relationship to me." It must have been a period for the making of vows, for Tom Ronaldson, his friend, on parting from him, swears that he will not have his hair cut until he sees him return. It is a brave author who does not shrink from the absurdity of allowing one of his chief characters to appear all through the story with long hair down his back, at the same time representing him in all other respects as a perfectly normal individual. Disregarding this and several other exaggerations, one comes across certain passages not without merit, such as the chapters dealing with the carver, Davenant, and his daughter, Joanna. Again, the character of the old priest is well touched-in, and the mystery concerning Elizabeth's husband is sufficiently maintained to keep up the reader's interest.

"BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU."By JOHN OXENHAM.
(Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)

Mr. John Oxenham pulls his chestnut out of the fire dextrously enough, and he saves his performance from flatness by the extraordinary adventures of his hero underground. "Barbe of Grand Bayou" would otherwise be a rather commonplace story not far removed from the plane of the novelette. The Breton girl has had a sensational history before the action of the novel begins. Her mother ran away with a lighthouse-keeper, a widower with one son, whereupon Barbe's father paid a Christmas visit to the beacon and slew the guilty couple. For this he "did time," a sentimental French Jury having refused to send him to the guillotine. On his release, Paul applied to be made keeper of Grand Bayou light, the scene of his crime, and took his daughter to live with him there. She grew up an extraordinary beauty, skilled in all the moods of the sea, and Mr. Oxenham, with excellent propriety, gives us a glimpse of her gracefully relinquishing her robes to swim to a shipwrecked mariner's help. She saves him, and the inevitable happens. But the youth was the son of Barbe's mother's betrayer, and her father opposed the match. Another suitor appeared, and with him Alain, the favoured lover, pardonably disagreed. Then comes the striking part of the story. The rival, Cadoual, waylays Alain, stuns him with a stone, and drags him into a cavern known only to himself, meaning to pitch him down an unplumbed hole in the rocky floor. But the antagonists fall down the crevice together, and Alain awakens to find himself imprisoned in a marvellous stalactite cave. There his adversary lies, and Alain spends two months of the weirdest experience in his natural dungeon. Daily, through a rift in the rock, too narrow for him to pass through, he can see the lighthouse and the form of his beloved on the gallery, but he is beyond hail. Of his adventures with his rival's ever-restless corpse, his means of subsistence, his escape from a loathly giant sea-worm, and his ultimate release, only to be charged with the murder of Cadoual, the reader must learn from Mr. Oxenham's own pages. The novel is not tormented with pretensions to be artistic, but it contrives to persuade the reader that Barbe and her lovers really existed. Even Alain's exploits seem credible, so plausibly is the tale told, and that must be accounted to Mr. Oxenham for a considerable achievement.

ON THE TABLE.

"Grain or Chaff." By Alfred Chichele Plowden. (T. Fisher-Unwin, 16s.)—In these pages the well-known magistrate recounts the leading incidents of his life, and he modestly asks the reader, in the Preface, to be kind enough to say whether what he has written is grain or chaff.

"African Items." By Percival Gibbon. (Elliot Stock, 2s. 6d.)—A volume of verse on African subjects.

"Racing Life and Racing Characters." By Martin Cobbett. (Sands, 6s.)—A perfect compendium of racing matters.

"Wild Nature's Ways." By R. Kearton, F.Z.S. (Cassell, 10s. 6d.)—Deals mainly with birds, and contains a Rembrandt frontispiece and about two hundred illustrations from photographs taken direct from Nature by Cherry and Richard Kearton.

"A River of Norway." By C. Thomas Stanford. (Longmans, 6s.)—The Notes and Reflections of an angler. Contains a pretty photogravure frontispiece of "The River's Mouth."

"Marriage and Marriages." By E. C. Harvey-Brooks. (Longmans, 4s.)—Dedicated "To the memory of a happy marriage."

A COMEDY IN TWO ACTS.

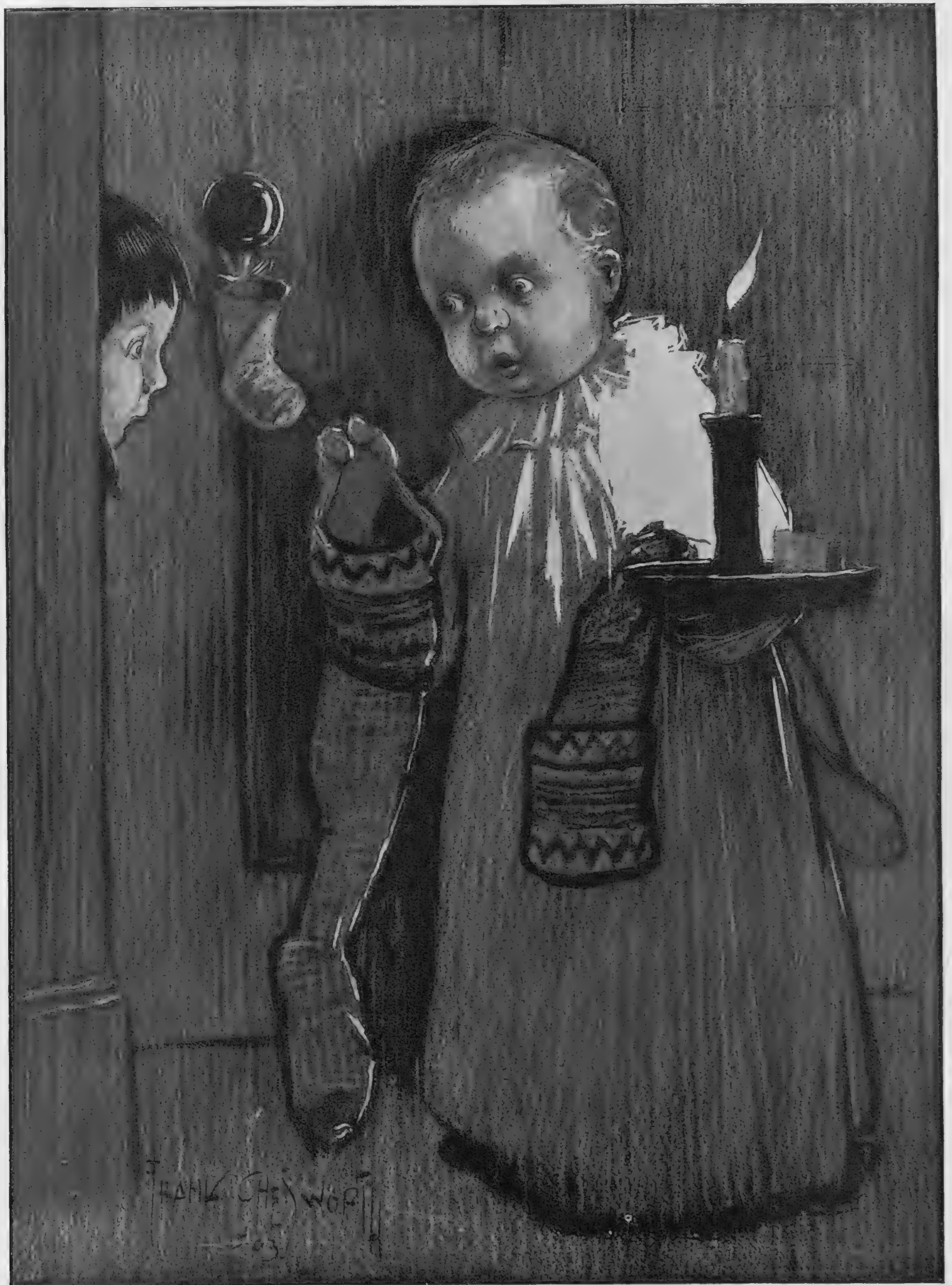


ACT I.—MARY ANN.

ACT II.—MARIAN.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

THE HUMOURIST IN THE NURSERY.



A HAPPY THOUGHT.

DRAWN BY FRANK CHESWORTH.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL



A KNIGHT AND A BABY.

By SYDNEY HESSELRIGGE.

THEY were sprawling lazily under the cherry-tree on the lawn, their four bright eyes following the dainty figure in white which was moving quickly towards the house, with long skirts swishing over the sunny, close-cropped grass at every step.

"Auntie Madge doesn't care a bit about us now," said Dulcibel, discontentedly, as the figure disappeared through an open French-window. "Our holidays have been quite spoilt since *It* came."

She threw a disdainful glance towards the plump-faced baby which lay peacefully sleeping on a heap of cushions beside them.

"And we thought we were going to have such a lovely time," sighed Clarice. "I think it was simply hateful of Uncle Tom to go and get ill in South Africa, so that Aunt Julia had to go out to nurse him—and still more hateful of her to ask Auntie Madge to take care of their horrid baby while she was away."

"I can't think why she didn't take it with her," said Dulcibel, angrily. "Or, at any rate, she might have sent it to a Home for Incurables or—an Asylum, or some place like that where they are paid to look after babies."

Clarice rolled over on her back and gazed up into the leafy branches of the cherry-tree, where the hot July sunshine trickled through in golden streaks and splashes.

"I almost wish mother hadn't let us come to stay with Auntie Madge these holidays," she said, complainingly. "Of course, it's lovely having a big garden and fields and things, instead of only dirty, smutty streets and squares like there are at home in Dunningham. But since the baby came Auntie Madge hasn't been a bit nice. She won't sing to us in the evenings for fear of waking it, she won't let us play Ping-Pong when it's asleep—and it nearly always *is* asleep—and she doesn't even like us to play hide-and-seek all over the house the way we used to. It's horrid!"

They both sighed disconsolately, thinking what a very injured pair of mortals they were. The baby slept on, regardless of their frowning looks. It certainly was a wonderful baby for sleeping! The cherubic smile on its plump, placid face seemed to aggravate Clarice intensely. She cast a glance of hatred towards it.

"I wish we could hide it—or lose it," she said, fiercely. "The little spoil-sport!"

Dulcibel looked at her silently for a moment. Then she suddenly seized her by the arm.

"I know what we *could* do!" she said, in an excited whisper. "Give it away!"

Clarice stared.

"Who to?" she asked, with ungrammatical vagueness.

"Oh, you goose! Why, to someone in the village, of course. You know what a fuss people always make about babies. I'm sure we could find somebody who would take it. Of course, we'd have to make them promise not to starve it, or anything—it always wants such a lot of food." She paused, breathless.

Clarice was caught by the flame of her excitement. "Come on, then, quick!" she said, and her dark eyes danced wickedly.

Dulcibel gathered the baby up in her arms and rushed across the lawn towards the gate. Clarice hastened after her. She had seized his pretty silver rattle in one hand and his half-emptied bottle in the other.

"We'll take these to keep it good," she panted. "It fell asleep before it had finished the bottle."

Dulcibel nodded breathlessly, and hurried on with her burden. Once outside the garden-gate, they fled like hares down the green country-lane leading to the village. The baby had whimpered a little when Dulcibel picked him up, but he soon grew quiet again, and his head sank sleepily on to her shoulder.

"Do you think anyone will want it?" asked Clarice, rather doubtfully.

Dulcibel did not answer. She was surprised to see what a plenitude of babies the village seemed to hold, but she determined not to give up hope yet, though her spirits sank as they made their offer to one person after another, only to have it received each time with either loud derision or undisguised amazement. At last, they reached the

old-fashioned little village-inn. A waggon was standing before it while the driver conversed with the innkeeper at the horses' heads.

Dulcibel gave her sister an excited nudge. "Let's get in," she said. "Perhaps, in the next village there won't be so many babies, and the ride will be jolly, at any rate. Take hold of it, quick, while I climb in, and then hand it up to me."

Clarice obeyed, and the next moment they were ensconced on a heap of straw in a corner of the waggon, with the baby slumbering between them. They sat quiet as mice, crouching down very low, and

presently the innkeeper turned away, the waggoner mounted his seat in front, and, with many jerks and jolts, they started off.

For a time the two sat speechless, now and then giving excited little gurgles of laughter at the thought of their daring. But it was very hot. Soon the two heads began to nod with every jolt of their lumbering equipage, and it was not long before they were both as fast asleep as the innocent baby himself.

The driver, too, was overcome by the slumbrous warmth of the afternoon. He sat dozing on his seat, only rousing himself at intervals to flick his whip and urge the stolid, plodding horses to jog on a little faster. And so, a veritable chariot of slumber, the waggon rumbled along through shady lanes and over dusty highways, till the shadows began to lengthen and evening was drawing near.

Then Dulcibel awoke with a start. A thrill of excitement ran through her as she realised where she was.

"Clarice! Clarice! Wake up!" she said, pulling her sister's arm. "It's time we got down."

Clarice opened her eyes and stretched her cramped legs. The baby, too, was roused, and, finding himself in such strange quarters, immediately set up a loud and bitter wail.

Startled, the waggoner jerked the reins and looked round. His astonishment at the sight that met his eyes was great. For several seconds he gazed down blankly at the trio. Then, three times in succession, he ejaculated the syllable, "Lawks!"

Clarice, who had been watching his moon-like face as if fascinated, began hastily to scramble over the side of the waggon. Dulcibel, before following her example, handed the baby down to her by his sash. She caught him dexterously.

"Where be *you* come from?" said the waggoner, stupidly.

They stood, side by side, looking up at him—a charming little pair in shady hats and crumpled white embroidered frocks, with slim black-stocking legs below.

"We want to go to the nearest village, please," said Dulcibel, ignoring his question, and raising her voice in order to be heard above the baby's screams. She had no idea that they had passed through at least three or four villages since they started on their journey. "Which is the way?"

He pointed back speechlessly along the road they had just traversed.

"Thank you," said Clarice, politely. "It was very good of you to give us the ride!"

The two adventurers trudged along manfully for a little while. Clarice was clasping the baby tightly round the middle with both hands. Suddenly she stopped, and, without any warning, seated herself on a mossy stone by the roadside.

"I can't carry this beast any longer," she said, viciously. "It just roars and roars and stiffens itself out, and my arms are nearly broken."

Dulcibel sat down beside her.

"Let's just wait here, then, and give it to the first person who passes by. We might have let that waggoner have it if we'd only thought."

"He was such a stupid man," remarked Clarice, dispassionately. "I don't believe he would have taken it, either; it was making such a noise."

Dulcibel thrust the silver rattle into the baby's hand. It was not what he wanted, but he allowed himself to be pacified by it and stopped crying.

Then Clarice suddenly discovered what it was that was making her feel so low-spirited.

"The bottle! You've got the bottle!" she exclaimed, eagerly. "Let's taste it! I don't care what it's like—I could eat anything! I am *so* hungry!"

They both felt rather better after their refreshment, but the baby,

seeing what they were at, started to cry again, so they were obliged to leave a little in the bottle for him, and watched him take it grudgingly.

They had halted in a hollow between two hills. On either side of them the road rose up, white and steep and dusty, and they did not feel at all inclined to start off again, especially as each one firmly refused to carry the baby another step.

They argued over this for some little time, but, as neither would give in, they let the matter drop and solemnly settled themselves back to back on the grassy bank, their legs stretched straight out before them. The baby rolled on the ground beside Dulcibel, as placid as ever now that the cravings of his inner man were somewhat appeased.

The sun was setting behind the hill towards which Dulcibel's face was turned. She sat staring at the glorious crimson sky, her brain busy with imaginings, her eyes half-dazzled by the ruddy light.

Suddenly she straightened herself. "There's someone coming over my hill," she announced, importantly, "It's a Knight—a beautiful Knight of the Sunset!"

"Silly!" said Clarice, crushingly, turning round to look. But her scepticism was short-lived. There *was* a figure on the brow of Dulcibel's hill—a figure on horseback coming towards them, seemingly from the very heart of the sunset. They watched him approach breathlessly.

"I do believe it *is* a Knight," murmured Clarice.

"I'm sure it is," said Dulcibel, proudly, and she snatched up the baby and ran forward to meet him.

"I watched you come over the hill," she called, as soon as he got within ear-shot. "Did you come out of the sunset? And oh, *do* you want a baby?"

She looked up at him appealingly. He had a nice, friendly face, brown hair, and dark-blue eyes; but Dulcibel was conscious of a twinge of disappointment when she saw that he was not arrayed in shining armour like the Knights of history. She had almost fancied she saw the sunlight gleaming on his helmet as he rode down the hill; but she passed that over. Perhaps he had discarded it on account of the heat.

He reined in his horse as the two children reached his side, and looked down at them in some perplexity.

"A baby?" he repeated, incredulously. "Did you say a *baby*? Why, have you found one? Is *that* it?"

"Yes. We didn't find it. It came," said Dulcibel, all in a breath.

"We want to *lose* it," explained Clarice, frankly. "It's Auntie Madge's."

He stared at her in amazement for a second, and then threw back his head and laughed till he was fairly red in the face.

They watched him in growing indignation.

"I don't think you are at all a nice Knight," remarked Dulcibel, regretfully, at last.

And—"Don't you *want* the baby?" asked Clarice, deeply disappointed.

He recognised by their voices that they were offended, and controlled his mirth.

"Let me look at it first," he said, gravely. And with one strong hand he hauled it up out of Dulcibel's arms and set it on the horse before him.

A broad smile of innocent delight spread over its placid countenance, and the Knight chuckled again.

"How is it you are out alone at this hour?" he asked, suddenly. "It will be getting dark soon." He turned his head to where the sunset colours were already fading out of the sky.

"Oh, take us home with you!" cried Dulcibel, impetuously. "Do take us somewhere where we can get something to eat! We've only had a tiny drop of milky stuff out of the baby's bottle ever since dinner-time."

"Yes, we're nearly starving. Do give us something to eat!" added Clarice, entreatingly. "That baby will die if it doesn't get some more milk soon. It's used to having *such* a lot!"

The Knight looked puzzled, though there was still an irrepressible twinkle in his eye. He let the baby down gently into Dulcibel's arms and got off his horse.

"Where do you live?" he asked.

They looked at one another.

"Dunningham," they answered, simultaneously.

"Phe-e-ew! Fourteen miles away! But how on earth did you come so far?" Then, seeing Clarice's lip begin to quiver, he added, hastily, "There, don't cry! I won't ask you any more questions at present; you must be tired to death. I can take you home and give you a good supper, at any rate, and then we will make inquiries."

He lifted them up, one after the other, on to his steed's broad back. Clarice sat straddle-legs, holding on to the animal's mane with



[DRAWN BY OSCAR WILSON.]

"The bottle! You've got the bottle!" she exclaimed, eagerly. "Let's taste it! I don't care what it's like—I could eat anything! I am so hungry!"

"A KNIGHT AND A BABY."

both hands; Dulcibel was seated pillion-fashion behind her, while the baby was wedged in between them like a fat cushion. The Knight walked at the horse's head and led it gently along.

Clarice's spirits began to revive wonderfully.

"This is not a bad sort of horse," she informed him, in patronising tones.

The Knight choked. He was not accustomed to hearing one of the best mounts in his famous stables thus referred to. But he answered, meekly enough—

"No, not bad."

After a pause, during which he racked his brains to think whose children they could be, she remarked, solemnly—

"We hate babies, both of us. Isn't it stupid of them not to be able to walk? What's the good of having legs if you can't use them? But when we stand this baby on its legs they give way under it, just as if they were made of jelly."

"Not very good for it, I should think," he murmured.

"Oh, we don't do it when Auntie Madge is there!" she assured him, hastily.

"No, we daren't. She simply loves it," put in Dulcibel, in self-congratulatory tones. "I don't know what she will say when she finds it's gone. Serve her right, though," she added, under her breath.

By this time they had turned in at a high stone gateway and were traversing a long, tree-bordered drive, at the end of which lighted windows gleamed out welcomingly.

The Knight lifted them off the horse and led them into a big, brightly lighted hall.

"Mrs. Featherley! Mrs. Featherley!" he called, and at his summons a plump, round-faced person in rustling black satin appeared.

"I found these children on the road," he said, calmly. "They are lost. You had better see to the baby. The other two will dine with me."

Mrs. Featherley was evidently not accustomed to receive orders such as these. Her face seemed to swell with suppressed astonishment, but Dulcibel went solemnly forward and deposited the baby in her ample arms, and Clarice followed suit with the bottle and the silver rattle. The astounded housekeeper gave one huge gasp. Then, unable to contain herself any longer, she grasped the baby and his belongings tightly with both hands and fled.

The Knight led them into a long room where a table was laid, glittering with glass and silver.

"I shall be very glad of your company," he said, politely. "I have been rather lonely lately."

"Poor Knight!" said Dulcibel, consolingly. "Never mind. You shan't be lonely to-night."

It was some time before their appetites were appeased. The Knight watched them with an anxious eye, and gave a genuine sigh of relief when at last they announced that they could not eat another morsel.

He took them out on to a broad stone terrace, and soon they established themselves comfortably, one on either arm of his chair. They had quite taken him to their hearts, and favoured him with many quaint confidences and reflections which amused him greatly.

At what seemed to them a late and romantic hour they were sent off to bed under Mrs. Featherley's wing, and as Dulcibel gave the Knight a warm good-night kiss, her face radiant with happiness and excitement, she clasped her arms tightly round his neck and pressed her cheek against his shoulder.

"You *are* a real Knight, aren't you?" she whispered, beseechingly.

"I suppose so," he answered. "But how did *you* know?"

"I just *knew*!" she said, proudly, and gave him a hug that nearly took his breath away.

The next morning they breakfasted with the Knight out on the terrace.

The meal was almost over, when the sound of wheels upon the gravelled drive broke in upon the peace of the little party. The children's hearts leapt into their mouths, and the Knight could not repress a smile at the dismay pictured in their faces.

"I expect it is some fat policeman come to take me to prison for kidnapping young ladies who don't belong to me," he said, jokingly.

Their excitement was so intense that they did not even answer, but sat staring at one another across the table with wide, expectant eyes.

The next moment, Auntie Madge, followed by a prim footman, burst impetuously out on to the terrace.

Directly the children saw her anxious face and troubled eyes, they realised the enormity of what they had done and flew to her full of repentance. She fell on her knees and clasped them to her with a sob of thankfulness.

"Oh, my darlings, how could you run away from me?" she cried.

"I thought I should never find you! I have been so frightened!"

She smothered them with kisses, and they clung to her remorsefully. Then a movement on the part of the Knight made her look up. He had risen from his chair and was watching her with a curious expression.

She gave a stifled exclamation and rose to her feet.

"What! Sir Roland! You here?" she said. "I thought the Hall was empty. I thought you were away in America shooting big game."

"I was," he replied, gravely. "I got home two days ago. I am very sorry to have caused you so much anxiety, but I never thought of connecting the children with you in any way. Still, I think they are none the worse for their adventure." He touched a bell as he spoke, and the prim footman appeared in the window. "Tell Mrs. Featherley to bring the baby here."

"Oh, the baby!" exclaimed Auntie Madge. She seemed to have almost forgotten its existence, and the Knight looked at her in some surprise.

"I suppose you *are* Auntie Madge?" he said, questioningly.

"Oh, yes!" she answered; and then Mrs. Featherley appeared, bearing the infant majestically in her arms. She laid it carefully in Miss Morrice's lap, cast a last disapproving glance upon it, and retired.

When she had covered its plump face with kisses, Auntie Madge drew Clarice and Dulcibel to her.

"Did you think me very unkind, darlings?" she asked, tenderly.

"Perhaps I did pay the baby more attention than was absolutely necessary, but it was not because I loved you any the less. You did not think that, did you?" They hung their heads rather shamefacedly.

"You see, I felt sorry for him, with his father and mother so far away," she went on. "He was such a little, tiny thing to be left alone with strangers."

Clarice touched the baby's downy head with shy, almost caressing fingers. Her heart was evidently beginning to soften towards him.

"I don't think he really is such a bad kind of baby," said Dulcibel, slowly. "In fact, he's rather nice and soft and pink, when you look at him properly."

At this point, the Knight, who had been leaning over the stone balustrade with his back to them, turned abruptly.

"Then it's not *your* baby, after all?" he cried.

"Mine?" said Miss Morrice, in dignified surprise. "Of course not!"

"And you are *not* married?"

She stared at him as if she thought he had gone mad.

"Married?" she said. "I? Married?"

"But last autumn—in Scotland—I thought—I was told——," he jerked out.

"You thought? You were told?" she echoed, scornfully. "I, too, was told—many things."

She laid the baby on a rug at her feet and stood up. The Knight came forward and took both her hands in his.

"Madge!" he cried, joyfully. "Why, Madge! Oh, how we have misunderstood one another! Let's forget it all and begin over again."

The next moment her head lay on his shoulder, and Clarice and Dulcibel, who were deeply interested observers of the scene, realised that they were witnessing that vague thing known as "making love."

When the excitement in the atmosphere had to some extent cleared away, the Knight seemed to remember their presence.

He drew them on to his knee, one on each leg.

"How would you like to be bridesmaids to Auntie Madge?" he asked abruptly, while an irrepressible smile broke out over his face and he slyly tweaked one of Clarice's dark curls.

"To Auntie Madge and you?" asked Dulcibel, half-incredulously. He laughed and nodded.

"Oh, how lovely!" they cried with one voice, and fell on him with all the fury of youthful delight.

Suddenly Clarice sat up.

"Will the baby be a bridesmaid—bridesboy, I mean—as well?" she asked, anxiously. "Will you wait till his legs are solid enough to stand on?"

The Knight glanced at his lady.

"No—o. I don't think we will wait as long as that," he said, and his eyes twinkled. "I'm afraid the process of solidification would be too slow for us. Don't you think so, Madge?"

She looked at him, and her laugh rang out merrily.

"Perhaps it would," she said, and immediately the souls of the two bridesmaids-elect were filled with a great satisfaction.

No less so that of the bridegroom.

As for the baby, his opinion on the matter was not consulted at all; but, as he continued to kick his legs in the air as complacently as ever, the probabilities are that he was satisfied too.





HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



IT was only a few months ago, when "Cousin Kate" was commencing her successful fascination of Haymarket audiences, that I announced in these pages that Messrs. Harrison and Maude had just secured Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's long-announced adaptation of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's story, "The Gadsbys," to follow "Cousin

Kate" at the Haymarket. This was perfectly true at the time, and, indeed, it remained thus fixed until just before writing these notes. A day or two ago, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones chanced to step in (like Dickens's man "with his tallows") and "laid up the table" a new comedy from his brilliant, if of late somewhat unequal, pen. This comedy, at present bearing the somewhat attractive title of "Joseph Entangled," appeared so to fit the requirements of the old home of comedy that Messrs. Harrison and Maude at once secured the play, and also at once set about casting it. The cast is, even at this early stage of the proceedings, already very



MR. MORRIS HARVEY,
A CLEVER MIMIC APPEARING AT THE PALACE THEATRE.
Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

strong. When I was at the Haymarket, I found that telephonic communication was in full-blast between the management and their former play-provider, the said Henry Arthur Jones, and that the following popular players were already virtually engaged, namely, Misses Ellis Jeffreys, Beatrice Ferrar, and Winifred Arthur Jones, the droll Mrs. Calvert, and Messrs. Herbert Waring, Edmund Maurice, Charles Sugden, Kenneth Douglas, Rudge Harding, and Cyril Maude.

I am glad to add that, although Miss Winifred Emery (Mrs. Cyril Maude), is unhappily not able to play in the next Haymarket production, yet she is fast recovering from her late severe operation.

Finally, as regards the Haymarket, I have some reason to think that Messrs. Harrison and Maude will, when Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new play shall need a successor, add another Old Comedy to their already interesting series of revivals of such plays.

Next Monday (Dec. 7) Mr. Martin Harvey will present, at the Kennington Theatre, the new Cavalier v. Round-head play written for him by the author mysteriously named "John Rutherford," and entitled "The Breed of the Treshams." Since I saw the play on its first production at Mr. Robert Arthur's new theatre, the Royal, Newcastle-on-Tyne, a few weeks ago, much cutting and revision have supervened with regard to this play and much excellent business has been drawn therewith.

At the time *The Sketch* is going to press, Mr. Bouchier will,

if present arrangements hold good, be submitting at the Garrick Mr. J. L. Toole's long-popular version (somewhat revised) of Dickens's delightful story, "The Cricket on the Hearth." This piece, which Mr. Toole used to call "Dot"—and in which he was so touching a Caleb Plummer—will be splendidly cast.

At the moment of writing, I learn that "Madame Sherry" is being actively rehearsed by Mr. George Edwardes for prompt production at the Apollo. I also learn that Mr. Edwardes has just decided to name his next new musical play at Daly's "Beautiful Ceylon."

"That Mrs. Oakleigh" is the title of the new play by Lady Troubridge which will be seen for the first time at the New Theatre to-morrow afternoon (the 3rd). The chief parts are to be played by Mr. Ben Webster and Miss Darragh, the latter of whom, it will be remembered, made a very favourable impression in the early part of the year in a translation of Daudet's "Margot" at Camberwell. Other members of

the cast are Miss Hilda Rivers, Miss Janet Evelyn, Miss Pamela Gaythorne, and Mr. Rudge Harding, the two last-named by permission of Messrs. Harrison and Maude. The matinée is to be given by Miss May Pardoe, and the piece will be produced by Mr. Graham Browne.

The art of mimicry seldom finds a brilliant exponent in the ranks of amateurs, but Mr. Morris Harvey may claim to be an exception. He has long been known as a talented mimic among his friends and those well-disposed people who attend charity performances. Mr. Harvey has now made his début as a professional, and is appearing nightly at the Palace Theatre in a very clever little sketch, in which he mimics, among other well-known actors, Messrs. Beerbohm Tree, Edmund Payne, Eric Lewis, and Sir Henry Irving.

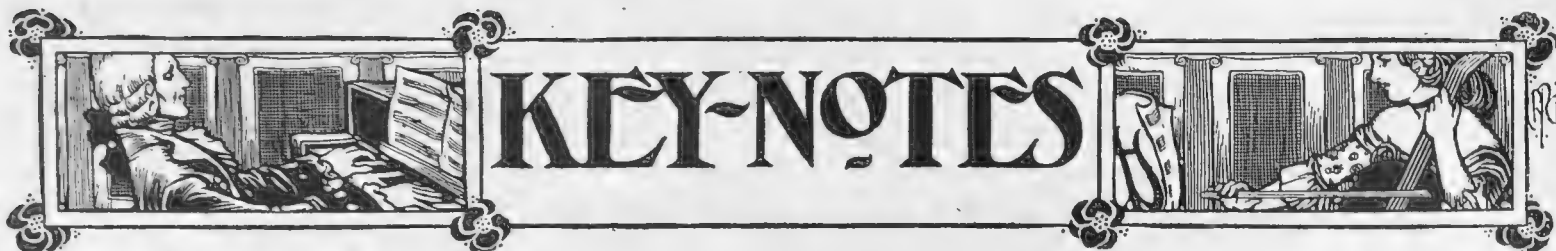


MISS F. DARRAGH,
TO APPEAR AS "THAT MRS. OAKLEIGH" AT THE
NEW THEATRE TO-MORROW AFTERNOON.
Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



MISS DOROTHY FROSTICK,
A LITTLE DANCER WHO WILL PLAY IN "THE CHERRY GIRL,"
AT THE VAUDEVILLE.
Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

Madame Blanche Marchesi's Vocal Recital, given two or three days ago at the St. James's Hall, proved that she has attained quite a popular position among modern English audiences. This demonstrates that, despite the fact of a singer possessing a beautiful voice, she can very often remain unpopular; and also that, despite the fact that she may possess a voice many qualities of which cannot be described as being beautiful, she may still have a great many admirers. It would be absurd, of course, to suggest that, throughout her whole range, Madame Marchesi's voice is distinguished by a beautiful tone. It is true that she has certain notes which, for their liquid effect, and for their purity of sound, suddenly take you by surprise; but, as a general rule, she is compelled to rely more upon her dramatic feeling and her intensely sympathetic outlook upon tragic emotion than for pure vocalisation in her search for artistic success. It was in a "Cycle of Songs" by Peter Cornelius that she probably exemplified both her best and her least admirable qualities. In one song of that Series, which in itself was undramatic, and was, in fact, rather constructed on the lines of a song written, say, by Mozart outside his stage-work, she was almost uninteresting; in another, entitled "Erwachen," which relies chiefly upon drama for its successful interpretation, she was quite wonderful. She is, indeed, a somewhat perplexing study; she seems at one time altogether incongruous when considered apart from the stage; at another time, on the stage itself, you would think that her proper place is the concert-platform. There is the problem as it stands; and it would take a full chapter in any history of the philosophy of music to attempt to solve it fully.



THE Monday Popular Concerts of old-time became celebrated by reason of the attendance of many of the great heroes and heroines of art, music, and literature whose love of chamber-music became part and parcel of their work. Browning, for example (occasionally his wife), George Eliot, and George Lewes were recognised figures at these classical assemblages. Mr. Gilbert was constrained to satirise this attitude towards music in his phrase concerning those—

Who think suburban hops
More fun than Monday Pops.

Nowadays, so universal has grown the taste for classical music, and so insistent is the claim of the suburban piano, that the Monday Pops have lost a good deal of their exclusiveness. Professor Kruse, however, seems to think that there is a great deal still left in the root-idea (as the Germans call it), and he continues with his present series, despite, so far as numbers go, somewhat chilling audiences.

At the recent Popular Concert, when Beethoven's Quartet (in E-flat Major) was played, it was clear that both Mr. Kruse and his companions were determined to do their level best. Unfortunately, they did not realise the meaning of so advanced a work as this of

Beethoven, and too often they seemed to be quite astray in their ideas as to how it should be played, from a musicianly point of view. At the same concert, Mr. Gervase Elwes sang four songs by Brahms, proving the excellence of his voice, but scarcely demonstrating the completeness of his understanding of Brahms. Mdlle. Janotha was the pianist, and occupied herself with interpretations of Chopin. This is a composer whom she thoroughly understands, and whose work, therefore, she played with much feeling and significance.

Mr. Francis Macmillen, at the St. James's Hall, gave a Violin Recital a few days ago, in which he was assisted at the pianoforte by Miss Ella Správka. Mr. Macmillen has an extremely true ear, and he is, in a certain sense, to be described as devoid of any real fault; it is on the positive side of the matter that one finds it difficult to assign him a very definite place among modern artists. His tone, for example, cannot be called broad, yet, at the same time, it has a certain appealing quality; his interpretations cannot be regarded as liberal, yet they have any amount of minor justification. His playing of a Bach violin piece, for example, although he approached every change of emotion in the music with a definite and intelligent feeling for the composer's meaning, and although his artistry was very praiseworthy, did not by any means convey to the hearer the immense importance, the colossal position, which this music takes in the history of art. This violinist also played a movement from a Symphony by Mr. Ernest Blake, entitled "Alastor", he played it well, and the work has a certain poetical and engrossing value, based, of course, upon Shelley's poem of that title. Miss Správka in Sonatas by Scarlatti showed that she had considerable sympathy with the quick and galloping sentiment of those among our musical forefathers who knew exactly how to write for the best artists of the harpsichord.

M. Busoni is assuredly one of the most excellent of contemporary players on the pianoforte. His Beethoven-playing, as one has often had occasion to note, is really among the finest things of its kind that are now to be heard in the concert-room; still, it cannot be truly said that he is an ideal player of Chopin's music. M. Busoni cannot simulate a great sympathy with a neurotic art, for the simple reason that he is himself not neurotic. His efforts in that direction are, we own, altogether praiseworthy; but a man who is a magnificent Beethoven-player very rarely can be described—in fact, one may say that the thing is, as near as may be, an impossibility—as one who is also an ideal player of Chopin's music. To bring the matter down to an essential point, it is on record that Chopin never regarded himself as being in thorough sympathy, so far as his own performance was concerned (quite apart from his intellectual leanings), with Beethoven's pianoforte-works. Of course, he admired them enormously, and, of course, he played them extensively, but his mind was essentially separate from that of the older and greater master. It may easily be guessed that the composer of the Seventh Symphony would not have been likely to admire with any depth of emotion the composer of many of the Nocturnes. M. Busoni, however, has an extraordinarily fine technique, and he is in a way a strong man of his art. Let him speedily give up things which do not suit him for that which he can do in the broader and less exclusive provinces of music; there will then be no doubt but that he will be hailed without any hesitation as a great artist.

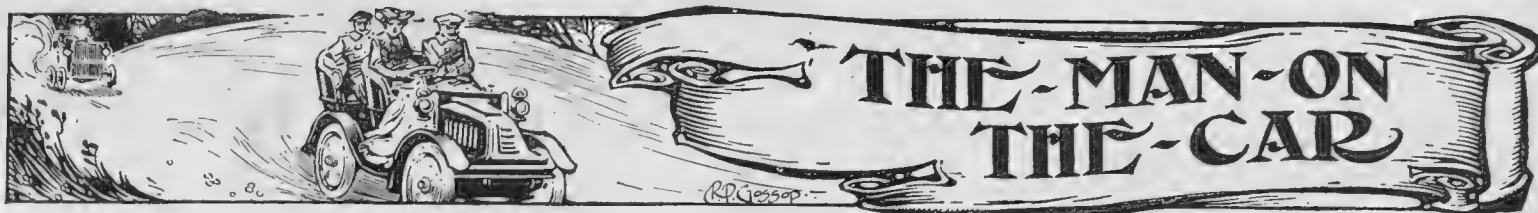
COMMON CHORD.

Miss Muriel Foster takes a high place among British vocalists born and bred, and she is one of the brilliant younger band of musicians who have proved that it is not in any sense necessary to Italianise a good old English name to win fame and fortune on the concert-platform. Miss Muriel Foster has taken part in many performances of oratorios, and she was heard to singular advantage in the new Westminster Cathedral on the occasion of the production of "The Dream of Gerontius."



MISS MURIEL FOSTER: THE LATEST PORTRAIT.

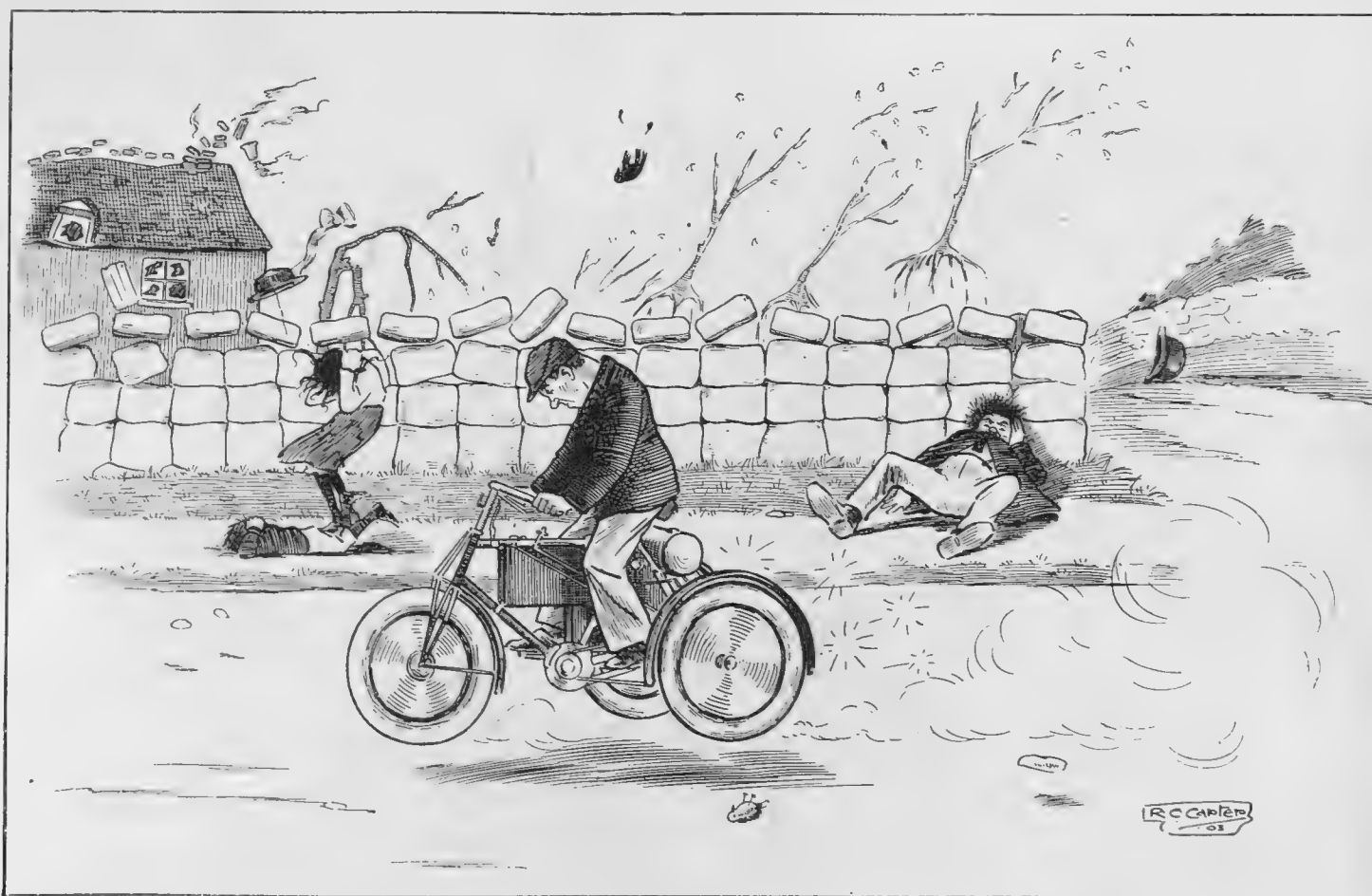
Photograph by Histed, Baker Street, W.



Administration of the New Act—The "Sunbeam" Car—Police Magistrates.

THE Local Government Board have now issued the regulations for the administration of the Motor-car Act of 1903, and we are at last in possession of the worst that can happen to us, with regard to the ways and means by which the police and the public can hale us from one end of the kingdom to the other to answer for offences we have never committed. Although nowhere clearly so defined in the Act, the L.G.B. have made provision for two numbered signs, one carried on the front and the other at the rear of the car, which signs or plaques are to display first the index-mark of the county or borough, formed of one or more letters, and then the registration number assigned to the car by the county authorities. If the car-owner so desires, the index letter-marks may be placed over the registration figures. It will only be imperative to illuminate the number at the rear of the car at night, which is something to be thankful for. The petty, prejudiced local bodies who in the sixteen-feet-road

When the sound, responsible British manufacturer takes up the construction of automobiles, after arranging design, output, and finish in all their several details he appears thereafter to halt somewhat at drawing public attention to his productions. Consider the case of the "Sunbeam" car, for instance, a vehicle produced, only after the most careful consideration and arrangement, by Messrs. John Marston and Co., of Wolverhampton, whose name as the makers of the "Sunbeam" cycles, with their "little oil-bath," is renowned the world o'er. As an example of the best thought, best design, and best workmanship, the 10-12 horse-power four-cylindrical "Sunbeam" car, as exhibited last week at the Crystal Palace, was a pleasing example of the manner in which some English constructors get abreast of the leading Continentals without much sound of drum or trumpet. Messrs. Marston and Co. have as a constructor an English engineer who has spent over ten years in the thick of the French



MOTOR-CYCLIST (during a series of terrific explosions): "Yes, there's a good deal that may be said for my new silencer!"

barring clause described an opportunity to hound motorists off many country roads have received a set-back in the definition placed upon the clause by the L.G.B. The roads must be less than sixteen feet wide from centre to centre of fences.

The most objectionable feature in the arrangements for the administration of the Act, as far as the Local Government Board are concerned, is the proviso that a driver's licence must be produced whenever demanded by a police-constable. When the position assumed by certain Chief Constables towards automobilists is recalled, it is easy to realise how exasperating and tyrannical such powers can be made. It is possible that, one fine day in the New Year, motorists driving down the Portsmouth Road may find a uniformed constable posted each hundred yards with instructions to hold up every driver that comes along and demand inspection of his licence. The possibility of finding oneself summoned for having exceeded the twenty-mile limit in a locality from which one was distant many miles at the time alleged I have long since pointed out. The automobilist's only hope to cause this Act and its regulations to be administered in an unprejudiced manner is to back up such bodies as the Automobile Club and the Motor Union—the latter for choice, as any automobile-owner can become a member by payment of one guinea per annum.

automobile industry, and the "Sunbeam" is the most creditable result. But the firm have gone farther, and, turning their cycle practice to account, have designed and built on to their cars most successful dust-proof, oil-bath, chain-gear cases, features really necessary and as yet possessed by no other chain-driven car on the market.

There are two if not three of the London Police Magistrates so fiercely prejudiced against motor-cars that, no matter what the automobilist's defence may be to any charge brought against him in connection with his car, he, unless a member of the Motor Union and supported by that body, may as well save himself trouble and throw up the sponge at the beginning. One, at least, of these administrators of the Law seems resolved to prohibit a motorist from leaving his car standing outside any house whereat he may be calling, whether the vehicle be attended or no. Now this is not only rank and prejudiced tyranny, but it is a distinct interference with rights and conveniences permitted every minute of the day and all over London to owners of horsed vehicles. In such cases the Motor Union must not hesitate to go to its utmost in an attempt to show these "dispensers of justice" that they must not allow their prejudice to blind their common-sense.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Winning Owners—The Jumping Season—Stables to Follow—Obituary—Void Nominations.

SIR JAMES MILLER, who heads the list of winning owners, is always lucky with his horses. He won the Derby at the first time of trying with Sainfoin, who was bought out of the Kingsclere stable at the instigation of Mr. Joe Davis, the Managing Director of Hurst Park. Mr. Davis had dreamed that Sainfoin had won the Derby, and sure enough he did, beating a hot favourite in Surefoot. Rock Sand won the Triple Crown for Sir James this year, but the classic three-year-olds were a sorry lot. Mr. J. Gubbins, who has done so well in the winning owners' list this year, owes his position, in the main, to the successes of Ard Patrick, who, at his best, was, according to Sam Darling, the equal of Galtee More. Mr. William Bass did a fine stroke of business when he purchased Sceptre for £25,000, as the mare has already won the greater part of the purchase-money back in stakes, and, with luck, should capture the Ascot Gold Cup next year. I am very pleased indeed to find Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's name so high up in the list. He is a good friend of the Turf, and in Watson and Hayhoe he has two of our most capable trainers.

Racing under National Hunt Rules is now in full swing, and, judging from the races that have closed, there will be plenty of runners at the fixtures to be held before Christmas. The Clerks of the Course at Gatwick have decided that no race run under National Hunt Rules at their meeting shall be of less value than a hundred sovereigns, while they have several five-hundred-pounders on tap. I am not in favour of all meetings being compelled to have races of not less value than a hundred pounds, for I think the fixtures held at Plumpton, Wye, Chelmsford, and suchlike places do a lot of good to the sport, as it gives the yeoman class the chance to enter and ride their own horses, and it must be admitted that often the best sport is seen at the minor meetings. I believe the Sandown Park authorities are going to make a special effort to improve the sport (which, by-the-by, is always of the top class) at their popular enclosure. Kempton Park is a highly popular winter venue, and there should be some good sport witnessed at the Sunbury fixture on Friday and Saturday. Backers should, however, have a care, as many jumpers are not half fit yet, while some of the fit ones are of very moderate class.

The stables to follow at the jumping game are few. Captain Dewhurst has a stable of useful jumpers under his charge at Newmarket, and he is very likely to win some good races during the winter months. Sentence, at Winchester, has some good horses, and they are generally ridden by Mr. Hartigan, who is our best cross-country amateur. Collins, who trains at Stockbridge for the Messrs. Bulteel, should have a successful year, as he has some nice steeplechasers under his charge, which are usually ridden in their races by Piggott, although George Williamson generally rides old Manifesto. It goes without saying that Sir Charles Nugent has a useful string of jumpers at Cranborne. Leinster must be one of the best young chasers in training at the present time, while Drumcree, who won the Grand National last year, is in good work. The Cranborne horses will, it is said, be ridden by P. Woodland, a fearless and capable jockey. T. Fitton, W. Nightingall,

H. Escott, Raisin, and Driscoll are all successful at training jumpers, and their horses are good enough to follow when they are fit and fancied.

The Turf has lost two of its best patrons by the death of Prince Soltykoff and Sir J. Blundell Maple. The Russian Prince had been racing in England since 1858. He spent money freely on the Turf, but met with only poor success. He won the Grand Prix de Paris with Thuno in 1878, but he was not lucky enough to win any of the English classics. I think Shem, who won the Cesarewitch, was the best horse he ever owned. He won the Cambridgeshire with Lucetta, and the Lincoln Handicap with Lord George. He was a prominent first-nighter and was a good player of whist and Bridge. The late Sir J. Blundell Maple was a well-known figure on our racecourses. He lavished money on horseflesh, but he worked his racing speculations on strict business lines. Sir Blundell engaged in flat-racing for twenty-one years, and won, in all, five hundred and thirty-eight races. In addition, his animals were very successful under National Hunt Rules. The two best horses that carried his colours were Royal Hampton and Saraband. Sir Blundell never won the Derby, but he captured the Two Thousand with Kirkconnel and the One Thousand with Nun Nicer and with Siffleuse. His breeding-stud was the largest in England. He gave fifteen thousand pounds for Common, and would have purchased Ormonde for twenty thousand pounds, but his stud-manager advised him against the deal. Sir Blundell was a great whip and his coach was in big request at election-times.



THE LATE SIR J. BLUNDELL MAPLE.

The time has certainly arrived for the Jockey Club to legislate in the matter of void nominations. My own idea of the matter is that, on the death of an owner, his executors should be allowed to have the benefit of nominations on the payment of entry-fees. This would do no harm to anyone, while it would enhance the value of horses to be sold owing to the death of their owners. Suppose death overtook, say, a dozen of the largest owners on the Turf at the same time, it would mean depleting half the racing programmes to be decided during the following three years, while scores of horses would be little more than useless for racing purposes on account of having no engagements. In France and America the death of an owner does not necessarily void nominations. Of course, it would not be right to insist on the fees being paid in any case. The option should rest with executors and trustees. I hope Lord Durham will give this important matter his serious attention, as it is undoubtedly a burning question, and one, too, that is easy of solution.

CAPTAIN COE.

For the Wye Steeplechases, to-morrow (Thursday), the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Company will run a number of special trains from the various stations on their system. For the convenience of first-class passengers a train leaves Charing Cross at 10.54 a.m., calling at Waterloo and London Bridge, by which the return fare will be eleven shillings. At 10.10 a train conveying third-class passengers only will leave Charing Cross, calling at the same stations and at New Cross, the return fare in this case being seven shillings.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

SOMEbody who had lived in many places and formed opinions worth recording once said of England that it was a "country of forbidding house-fronts and comfortable interiors." If it was a truism of a travelled diplomatist in the 'fifties, it is more so now, at all events as to the latter part. Notwithstanding a lavish use of white



THE "CLUB."



THE "ENNISMORE."

COMFORTABLE ARM-CHAIRS AT MESSRS. HOWARD AND SONS'.

paint and some coquetting with terra-cotta, our lintels still support much unashamed ugliness, and, did classic Greek or Roman ever rise from his Hades to view nowadays London from Brixton to Bloomsbury, his glimpses of the moon could only institute horrified comparisons between now and his own artistic Pagan era.

Indoors, we islanders thoroughly deserve our reputation for solid comfort, however. The parquet floor, the panelled wall, the rich, soft carpet, the slumber-wooling arm-chair—what a pleasant and picturesque conglomeration they effect, and how grateful the sense of home and rest such things induce! One is glad to notice the increased appreciation a cultivated British public now accords, by the way, to panelled walls and parquet floors. Of primary importance to the house beautiful, they had no part in the plan of a graceless Victorian generation. To Howard's, of Berners Street, who have persistently pioneered and exploited the parquet floor in this country, both kudos and credit for our awakening are therefore due. Their parquet floorings are made in any wood—oak, maple, teak, pine, and the rest—of the first English workmanship, and are absolutely solid and germ-proof as well, a fact so widely recognised that most hospitals and large hotels have Howard floors as the best obtainable parquet for "love or money." Being specialists in panelling has also led to most of the notable yachts being entrusted to Messrs. Howard and Sons' firm, amongst others, the Kaiser's *Meteor*, Lord Lonsdale's *Verena*, and other boats of equal calibre. There is, besides all this, the comfortable assurance that if one only buys an arm-chair from Howard it is of guaranteed excellence in construction and material, their steam factories and workshops being always open to inspection and within easy visiting distance of Berners Street. The great crux of comfort in arm-chairs is the stuffing thereof, as all the world knoweth, and it is the special care given to this matter that makes a Howard sofa or chair a synonym for comfort. Amongst their particular numbers the "Club" chair and the "Ennismore" *Siège de Duvet* are laps of luxury. The "Baring" sofa is, again, a possession to be prayed for, and

amongst other seats of the mighty is the "Somerset," a luxurious chair fitted with a reading-stand which can be changed and adjusted at will—a winter-evening incarnation of fireside ease in which, "the world forgetting," one can pass restful, pleasant hours.

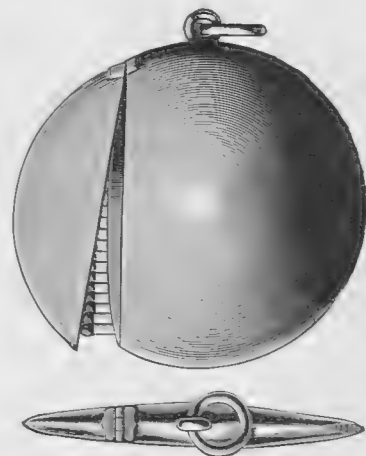
This age is the Millennium of the piano-player: drudgery has disappeared, "The Maiden's Prayer" is heard no more in the land, and perfection is attainable by the merest tyro in technique after a few days. For how much, therefore, have we not to thank the automatic piano-player, one of the newest developments of which is the "Simplex"—easy of operation, rhythmical in action, both sweet and brilliant in tone! The "Simplex," as its name would indicate, is so easy of manipulation that anyone playing on it cannot fail to be charmed with his own performance. It is a pneumatic instrument and does not tire the performer, while its stops answer most sympathetically to the player's feelings and expression, evolving dance-music in perfect time or the synchronised passages of the masterpiece with equal truth to the original. The "Simplex" Piano-player should be, in a word, the desired of every music-lover. Messrs. Moore and Moore, of Bishopsgate Street and Hanover Square, W., are the sole and only London agents, and from them all terms and information are instantly obtainable.

Like him who finds water with magic hazel-wand, Vickery, of Regent Street, may be credited with the witchcraft of divining a want and supplying it before it is realised by the spoilt mortal of this pampered generation. Everything that human ingenuity and highly trained handicraft can produce in the matter of personal luxury is to be viewed at Vickery's gorgeously equipped shops, 179 to 183, Regent Street, and *difficile* indeed must the prospective purchaser be who does

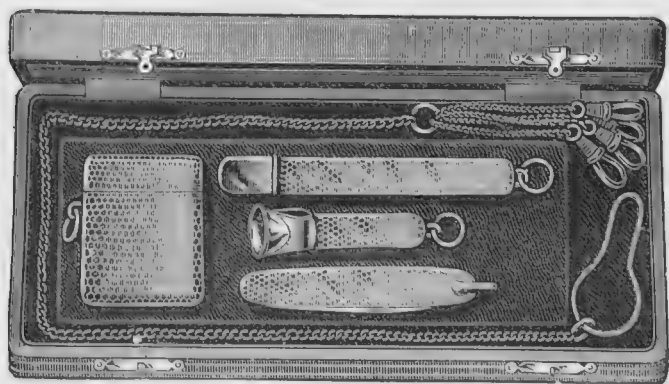
not find his most fastidious tastes supplied in the greatly diversified collection therein. The latest form of cigarette-tube as introduced by them is a collapsible gold and amber toy; the gold case is set with various precious stones, and can be attached to bracelet, chain, or châtelaïne at will. Another impressive novelty is the combination puff-case, tabloid-holder, mirror, memotablet, pencil, and card-case complete, all well within the compass of an ordinary card-case. This dainty *multum in parvo* is done only in gold, and sports a strong wrist-chain by which it can be safely carried.

Another cunning combination of several convenient things is the new theatre-case, having the appearance of a good-sized purse with leather handles, which yet contains within dainty pockets for money, visiting-cards, theatretickets, handkerchief, a small mirror, and pincushion, and, lastly, one of the new flat opera-glasses in its central pocket. A lady's-companion this in the completest sense of the word. Another strictly utilitarian present would be one of the new silver folding-scissors which attach to a man's brace-chain or lady's châtelaïne, and yet another of more importance is a masculine *vade-mecum* in the shape of a little leather case containing hammered silver or gold flat pencil, knife, cigar-cutter, and match-box complete. A new device for damping stamps and envelopes will be appreciated by those who have, in the absence of anything better, depended, so far, on Nature. Hunting men would "jump at" the new patent-leather wristlet with silver or gold match-box attached, while the other gentler gender would hail as a long-felt want the silver hat-pin-stands shaped like an umbrella-stand—made to guard those often-lost possessions. A letter-clip with small clock on the catch does a double duty extremely well. It is not, in fact, possible to enumerate the hundredth part of Vickery's marvellous collection. "Bigotry and virtue" are present in all possible departures and disguises, from tortoiseshell toilet accessories to a pet-dog's box holding arrangements for the comfort of these pampered beasts. Nothing has been omitted which forethought could supply, and, as an object-lesson in industrious compilation as well as ingenuity, Vickery's catalogue, which is sent on application, is really an unsurpassable book.

The Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company, at 188, Oxford Street of this good town, have lost none of that inventive talent which has brought their firm so prominently into the vision of the public eye—an organ so discreet and discerning that it notes only the best.



VICKERY'S "THIN" MATCH-BOX IN GOLD AND SILVER FOR EVENING WEAR.



SMOKING INDISPENSABLES IN HAMMERED GOLD AT VICKERY'S.

In the catalogue of novelties brought forward for the present season the Alexander Clark Company will be found to have united originality and moderation in price—two very important factors in the choice and purchase of Christmas presents. Notably useful and smart, for instance, is their new combination—the seal sovereign-purse in gold, which is attachable to bracelet or chain. To hold five half-sovereigns, this handsomely engraved toy costs only £3 10s; it is also made to hold sovereigns, and for either man or lady is quite a charming idea. The new bicycle-chain flexible bracelet

is greatly enhanced by the addition of a miniature-frame set with fine pearls and turquoises, the old idea of wearing an "effigy" of one's best and nearest being revived with great success lately. A gold chain bracelet bearing quite a zoological collection—tortoise, parrot, cock, and duck, not to mention a human heart—will gain favour with many. It is absurdly cheap, too, at £2 17s. 6d. Devotees of the game will delight in the new silver automatic Bridge-marker, where, by pressing a button, lo! the score jumps out at the side in a most prompt and obliging manner. The acme of tooth-brushing luxury is attained in the use of Clark's silver powder-box with hinged lid and upright toothbrush-holder, all for £1 12s. 6d., and there is a silver-mounted whangee boot-whisk, with finely carved parrot-head, to hang in the hall, which will appeal to the well-groomed man-about-town. A novel scent-pump, which sends up a tiny spray when pressed, is sold for five shillings in silver or thirty shillings in gold, and amongst eminently useful items may be ranked the silver night-light holder, its dome-shaped lid forming a reflector, which costs only ten-and-sixpence.

To study or on writing-table completeness will be given by the addition of a plain silver upright clock-case and stamp-box combined, the price of which is £1 17s. 6d., for which one obtains the time and a refuge for wandering stamps in handsome combination. The indispensable manicure-case, without which existence would be a blank nowadays, is obtainable at all prices and in many ways—hammered gold for the luxurious, ivory for the utilitarian—all at easily get-at-able prices. Clark's catalogue will, in fact, be found to contain so many surprises and desirable possessions that it should be found on every table. A card will bring it by return of post, and for the Colonial or country cousin it will be found an invaluable method of shopping satisfactorily by post.

Mappin and Webb, the well-known silversmiths of Oxford and Queen Victoria Streets, have, in the approved method of modern trading, lately absorbed another business, and the well-established firm of Mappin Brothers, at 220, Regent Street, now forms part of the original foundation. It seems superfluous to add that, in view of approaching Christmas, special preparations have been made to cater for the public favour, and a visit to the City house, or those at the West-End of town, will amply impress the prospective purchaser

with Mappin and Webb's vast choice of material, as well as the care with which so various a collection has been brought together. An abridged list of presents for the season has been brought out in booklet form, which is full of useful hints and bristles with novel departures. But those who are able to go and see for themselves will notice hundreds of desirable items which it is obviously impossible to compress within the covers of the most comprehensive catalogue. To be specially noted and admired, for example, are the different articles in plain, highly polished silver, with narrow raised rim of appliqué silver all around. Good taste is the special characteristic of this style, and those who have tired of the machine-made stamped-silver atrocities to be seen in every draper's shop-window will readily welcome the simplicity

and evidently excellent workmanship of this method. Hair-brushes in the same manner look particularly smart, circular trinket-boxes, toilet-trays, and, in fact, any object, because it looks good, and is therefore sure of grateful appreciation when presented. Another novelty is the engraved silver which Mappin and Webb are restoring to its once high favour. On a plain, brilliantly polished surface little sprays of flowers appear, and, though engraved in miniature, these little posies accurately represent the blossoms they imitate. Trinket-trays, hair-brushes, and all toilette requisites are specially attractive in this ornamentation, which is too delicate for table-silver but charmingly dainty for more personal possessions. Embossed silver, when good, is one of the most decorative styles of which this useful metal is capable. Mappin and Webb's embossed and pierced table-mirrors are very praiseworthy models, at from £2 5s. upwards. In quite plain and unadorned silver, their new Bridge-boxes are smart for present-giving; also severely plain but in exquisite outline are some silver clocks of Queen Anne and the Sheraton periods. Photograph-frames are easily cleaned in their new plain fronts, and for the smoking-room table Coromandel



GIFTS FOR YULETIDE AT MAPPIN AND WEBB'S.



CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES AT THE ALEXANDER CLARK MANUFACTURING COMPANY'S.

wood cigar-boxes, with smooth, heavy silver mounts, are decorative and useful. Hair-pin-boxes in the lately revived engine-turned silver are very charming. Electro clocks, silver-faced, are useful as gifts, and a combination of barometer, thermometer, and clock in plain, solid silver is eminently a present for the utilitarian many who like things "plain and good." They cost only £3 15.

If Piccadilly Circus is the centre of the Universe where people from many places pass, Drew and Sons, who have been established



BROWN LEATHER LADY'S DRESSING-CASE WITH PLAIN GOLD FITTINGS AT DREW AND SONS'.

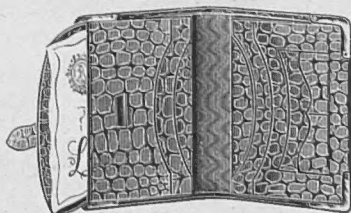
there since the days when Queen Victoria was young, may be considered the mainspring of that never-ceasing movement, inasmuch as their eminently fascinating shop-windows bring every passer-by to an inevitable full-stop. There is hardly any want or wish of which the cultivated mortal is conscious that cannot be supplied in fullest measure by Drew and Sons, of Piccadilly Circus. Travelling requisites are, of course, their speciality, and, being actual manufacturers, excellence of construction and moderate prices are the result. To those at a distance Drew and Sons supply accurate photographs of each article, so



THE IDEAL PIPE AT DREW AND SONS'.

that shopping with them is reduced to a science, and their newly issued catalogue is, in addition, a perfect compendium of the latest possibilities in Christmas presents. *Par exemple*, a mere man can be fitted with a full-sized pipe in the finest wood, with amber mouthpiece, gold mount (fifteen carat), in polished pigskin-covered case, for 30s. Cigarette-tubes of amber in gold or silver cases are available at from £3 18s. 6d. and 19s. 6d. respectively. Smart hunting-canteens, collapsing sandwich-boxes, extremely neat memorandum-cases so

useful for the writing-table, are amongst a host of other clever trifles; while to men the improved "Drew" banknote-case will advise itself, as it takes notes without folding and closes up to completely hide them, while holding letters, cards, and stamps in other receptacles. The invalid's writing-pad, fitted with all sorts of necessities and an automatic spring slope for writing on, makes a capital present and costs only 28s. 6d.; and some new flat jewellery-bags are so easy to carry while capable of stowing away a quantity of jewellery. An invaluable invention for men is the new patent safety razor specially made of finest sword-steel for Drew and Sons. The short blades are put into an anti-friction roller, which revolves behind the cutting-edge, enabling the razor to run smoothly over the face. It would seem, in view of its many advantages, that this must altogether oust the old style of razor when sufficiently known. The price, too, is so moderate—only 8s. 6d., in a neatly fitted box for the razor. Dressing-cases, for which Drew and Sons are so justly famous, abound. One just going off to an American millionaire had all the fittings of extra-thick ivory, with gold crest inlaid on each article. The workmanship of this costly possession was such as only Drew and Sons can command, the crest being sawn out of thick gold, and the ivory cut away underneath to receive it. A lady's dressing-case in brown leather with plain gold fittings spelt the last word in good taste and solid worth. It is reproduced on this page as



THE NEW SAFETY RAZOR-CASE AT DREW AND SONS'.

a specimen of the fine work for which Drew and Sons have a world-wide reputation. A last word must be added about the new aluminium leather-covered cases which are Drew's latest improvement. Besides being of thistle-down weight as compared with the old leather dressing-bags and cases, these are also thief-proof, offering absolute resistance to the ready knife of the train-robber.

The ever-fragrant odour with which the name of Mülhens is associated since the introduction of their famous "Rhine Violet" perfume will now carry still greater weight with connoisseurs of sweet scents. The very crown and queen of perfumes is given to the world under the name of "Violetta Graziella." Of the most penetrating, subtle sweetness, one drop of this delicious bouquet makes itself apparent in the room. Its concentration is of the utmost strength and purity, and it has taken months of scientific experiment to produce in perfection this marvellous odour. The price of single bottles in pretty, satin-lined cases is seven-and-sixpence, but the perfume lasts so long it is really less expensive than the cheapest scent. The "Violetta Graziella" soap turns one's dressing-room into a bower "by Bendemeer's stream," and there are sachets with which to glorify one's laces and gloves which cost only two-and-threepence in the largest size, and in smaller shape but sixpence. As a Christmas gift, nothing more graceful or welcome could be imagined than one of the dainty boxes of "Violetta Graziella" at fifteen shillings and one guinea respectively; while our old and cherished friendship for "Rhine Violet" must not be forgotten, or the no less delicious "Malmaison" and "Rhine Gold" specialities, also of the same firm.

Once again, also a word in season of the world-famous "4711" Cologne of Mülhens cannot be amiss. Considering the flood of hopelessly inferior imitations which are weekly set before the public, it is well to note that the well-known green-and-gold label, with the figures "4711" in the centre, mean the purest and best Eau-de-Cologne obtainable for money. All high-class perfumers keep it as well as Mülhens' other specialities, but, failing other sources, the "4711" Dépôt, Bond Street, is a sure find, and in response to a note or wire orders can be executed and sent off by following post to the uttermost ends of this planet if necessary. I am on the point of despatching probably the first bottle of "Violetta Graziella" that has ever reached India as a Christmas souvenir, and have no doubt that even in that land of enchanting odours it will have an immediate success.

This is unquestionably an age of improvements as well as impaired digestions, and sufferers from the latter will, I trust, participate in one of the former, which I philanthropically wish to urge upon their notice. We all know how cheering is the friendly "five o'clock," but, alack, how disastrous to one's mechanism the tannic acid contained in the tempting tea-cup! Here, then, comes the point of this discourse. Some scientific person has successfully discovered how to eliminate, according to the *Lancet*, fifty per cent. of the poisonous tannin, and, under the title of "Plasmon Tea," the Digestible Tea Syndicate, at 22, Fenchurch Street, E.C., have introduced a mixture which, while tasting like the ordinary best China or Indian blends, is absolutely innocuous to the most chronic dyspeptic or nervous organisation. The "Plasmon Tea" is now to be had from the best chemists and grocers in tins at 2s. 6d., 1s. 4d., and 9d. The combination of "Plasmon" gives the tea a milky look when poured out, but it does not at all affect the flavour. In using it, two teaspoonfuls for one person and one for every additional is sufficient. SYBIL.

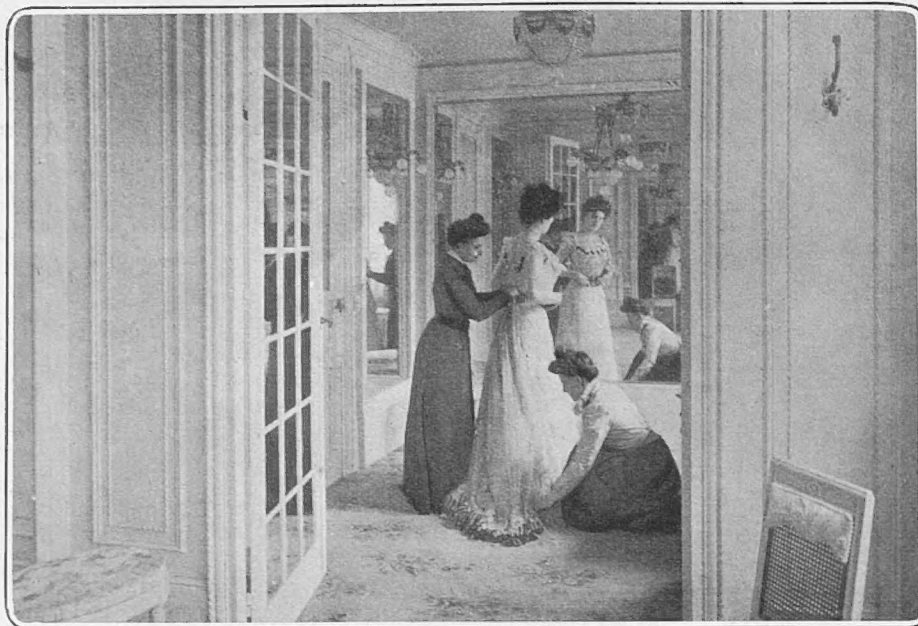
Following upon their usual policy, the Ardath Tobacco Company have just placed on the market a new line, which, for novelty and daintiness of get-up, is without equal. This new cigarette, which is known by the name of "Quo Vadis Cohors Praetoria" (Life Guards) is, without exception, the finest cigarette that has ever yet been produced, and one might say that it fully bears out the fine title which it possesses, and equals for magnificence the old Roman "Cohors Praetoria" as well as the present-day "Life Guards."

Mr. Heinemann is meeting with great and well-deserved success with his "Great Masters" series, which contains not only the gems of the public Picture Galleries in the United Kingdom and on the Continent, but also many pictures from the private collections of British and foreign noblemen and gentlemen. Reproduced by a new process which presents the artists' works with a verisimilitude hitherto undreamt of, "Great Masters" should find a place in every home where the highest forms of art are appreciated, and, nowadays, these homes are happily increasing apace.

A fountain-pen is almost indispensable to the busy literary or mercantile man of to-day, and among the things to be desired is that it should not ink the fingers or pocket and that it should be easily refilled. These advantages are afforded by the "Conklin" self-filler. The methods of construction which ordinarily cause leakage are avoided, and, by a simple valve system, comprised in the holder, the reservoir is replenished by the operation of dipping merely, thus effecting a saving of time much appreciated by the busy man. The "Conklin" is supplied by the American Agencies, Limited, of 38, Shoe Lane, E.C., and appears to be a capital pen at a reasonable price.

A PALACE OF FASHION.

WHEN Octave Mouret, as pictured by the prince of realists, Emile Zola, founded the huge *Paradis des Dames*, and became the Napoleon of trade in Paris, he delighted to stand upon an eminence on his great sale-days, drinking in the sound of gold as it clashed and clattered on his counters. Other times, other manners. To-day, some of the biggest and best businesses are transacted on more or less Napoleonic lines, but in quieter fashion. A notable case is that of the famous house of G. Beer, each of whose establishments — at 7, Place Vendôme, Paris; Sackville Street, London; 8, Avenue Massena, Nice; and in the Avenue de la Madone, Monte Carlo — is not merely a paradise, but a palace in which ladies may do their shopping. The *salons* are among the sights of Paris and London, for they are fitted with truly palatial luxury, since M. Gustave Beer appreciates the fact that the costliest furs and the most exquisite dresses gain by a sumptuous setting. Hence it is that the sale-room is like an apartment in a mansion, the staircase might well recall a fine old baronial hall, the fitting-rooms are models of comfort and convenience, and the art of creating fashions is carried to so fine a pitch of perfection that there is actually a stage fitted up for trying the effect of a dress under the electric-light. It is not difficult to understand as one passes through M. Beer's establishments why it is that he numbers among his customers Royal personages, the cream of London and Paris Society, including, notably, many fair Americans, who are, perhaps, second to none in the world in their knowledge of the art of dressing beautifully. From its foundation, twenty years ago, M. Beer's business has always been of an extremely high-class character. The situation in the Place Vendôme is the finest in Paris, and M. Beer has always exerted himself to ensure that not only shall every item of dress which leaves his *salons* be faultless from every point of view, but that his *clientèle* shall find in his establishments the *dernier cri* of refined comfort. Octave Mouret catered, it is true, for a broader public than M. Gustave Beer has ever aimed at; but, on the other hand, M. Beer has met the tastes of the aristocracy with a success



A FITTING-ROOM.



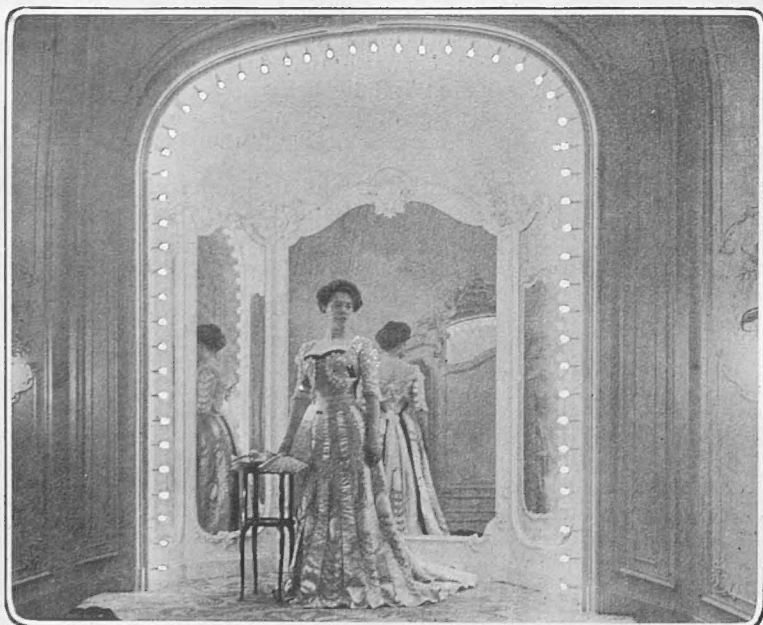
THE PRINCIPAL STAIRCASE PLACE VENDÔME.

which has been proved by the persistent growth of his business.

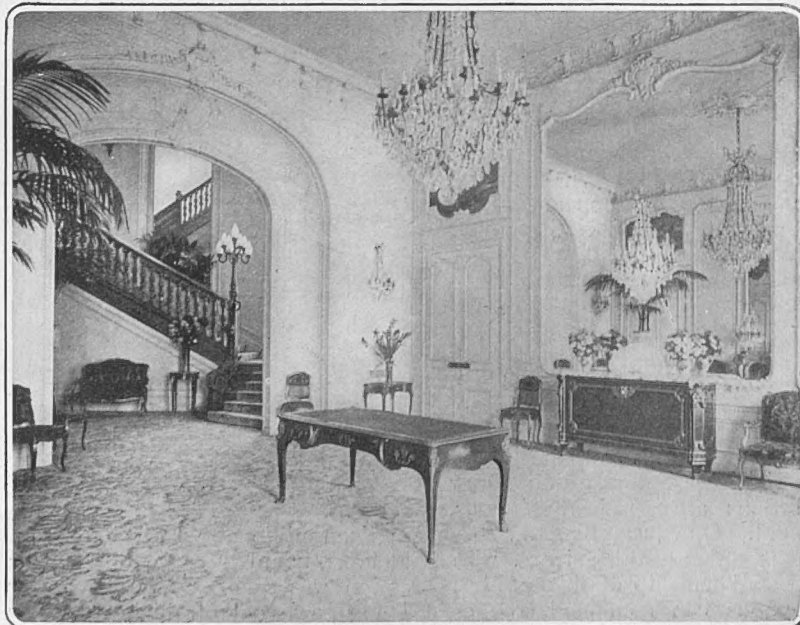
There may be those who hold the opinion that at the present time luxury is carried to extremes in almost every phase of life. This may be so, but, as a matter of commercial enterprise, it is necessary for those who would be in the first flight to adapt their methods of transacting business to the spirit of the times in which they live. In nothing, too, is this more necessary than in regard to everything connected with the world of women. Nature, tradition, and custom have conspired to endow women with a taste for refined and beautiful things, and, fortunately, the opposite sex recognise this and never grudge anything that ministers to women's comfort or enjoyment. Hence it is that the old style of buildings and the

old style of conducting business have become obsolete and have been supplanted by the palatial establishments and luxurious methods which are becoming more and more the vogue. M. Beer was one of the first to recognise this, and the fact that his business has proved so successful is the best proof that he was wise in moulding his methods to the demands of the period. Moreover, beautiful dress, it must be admitted, is an extremely delicate matter with which to deal, demanding an exquisite nicety in every detail which can only be secured by the most refined and perfectly appointed surroundings. In a word, for the old-fashioned shop we now get sumptuous establishments, in which everything that is most beautiful and most luxurious in dress is presented to potential wearers in a manner worthy of their intrinsic and artistic value. A pilgrimage through M. Beer's palaces of Fashion is not only a delightful experience, but a liberal education in the fine-art of dress.

It is understood that this well-known house will shortly be offered to the public as a Limited Company. Considering the steady and extraordinary growth of the business since it was established twenty years ago, in the finest position in Paris, adjoining the Hôtel Bristol, and the large array of Royal and distinguished customers which it numbers among its *clientèle*, it certainly appears to be an exceedingly attractive investment.



A STAGE FOR TRYING THE EFFECT OF ELECTRIC-LIGHT UPON DRESS.



ONE OF THE SALE-ROOMS.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE HOUSE OF G. BEER IN PARIS.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 9.

MONEY

DECEMBER is, of course, the most "difficult" month in the Money Market, but this year there should be less trouble than usual in surmounting the barriers that ordinarily arise against an easy pair of Stock Exchange Settlements. The Consol Account just concluded showed that the money-lenders are none too eager to loose their purse-strings except at remunerative rates, and then the possibility of a rise in the Bank minimum tends to operate as a support to charges for cash accommodation. If New York takes any continuous amounts of gold the Bank Rate must assuredly go up; upon that factor the issue really hangs, because, were it not for the United States uncertainty, it might be taken for granted that the present 4 per cent. would see the year out easily. To dogmatise about the money position while New York remains in such a condition of uncertainty is to lay down guesses as being law, but, for the sake of the Stock Exchange, a hope may be permitted that the still-threatening 5 per cent. can be dispensed with. For a 5 per cent. Bank Rate means that the joint-stock banks will pay $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for deposit-money, and then where will the attractions of gilt-edged stocks come in? In one way the banks might benefit from an advance in the Rate, but in others they would suffer by the still further contraction of Stock Exchange business which such a rise might involve. The City, as a whole, will be thankful to see the present 4 per cent. maintained through this month, if only from the fact that the retention would justify a hope of an early decline to 3 per cent. in the New Year.

OUR JOHANNESBURG LETTER.

We regret that we were unable to publish our correspondent's concluding letter on the Transvaal diamond industry, as we had hoped, last week, but we are now able not only to give the end of his very interesting account of the mines and their prospects, but also an illustration of the Premier Mine from a photograph. Our correspondent's expectation that the Transvaal discoveries will lead to a "diamond war," in which the precious stones will be given away with a "pound of tea," must be good news for our lady readers, who had better delay their purchases for a year or two if they want to pick up stars, tiaras, and suchlike luxuries at prices within modest people's resources. Please do not blame *The Sketch* should "hope deferred make the heart grow sick."

DIAMOND-MINING IN THE TRANSVAAL (*concluded*).

Kimberley Diamond-mine had originally over 900 claims. The Premier Mine, near Pretoria, has about 4000. These figures will convey to the lay mind some idea of the enormous area of the Transvaal's and the world's greatest diamond-mine. In one other respect, a comparison between De Beers and the Premier brings the latter out on top. De Beers' output last year was .76 carat per load; the Premier, for a recent period, showed 1.66 carat per load (from yellow ground), and, whatever may ultimately be found to be a fair average yield, taking one year with another, it is not expected to be less than double that shown by the De Beers Company.

Come we now to comparative values per carat, and here we put our finger on the weak spot of not only the Premier, but all the Transvaal diamond-mines so far as yet discovered. The position is succinctly put in a statement prepared by the Transvaal Diamond-mining Association when the new Diamond Ordinance was before the Legislative Council in July last. De Beers' stones last year realised an average of 46s. 6d. per carat. Premier stones are worth only 27s. per carat; Schuller and Kaalfontein stones are of the same low value, and Byenespoort only sixpence more. It is true the cost of production at the De Beers mines is very high, on account of the great depth at which mining is carried on, being at the rate of 11s. 2d. per carat, as against 5s. at the Premier and Schuller's and 10s. at Byenespoort. But, even after making allowance for the difference in the cost of production, the comparison is wholly in favour of De Beers, which can look upon the inevitable cutting of prices at some future day with comparative equanimity. A "cut" of 20s. per carat would still leave De Beers a net profit of 15s. 4d. per carat, whereas the Premier's profit would be near the vanishing-point. In the event of a diamond war, there is not a Transvaal mine which would not have to succumb before the higher-grade mines of Kimberley.

A diamond rate-cutting war at some not distant date is only too probable when we reflect upon the recent discoveries in the Transvaal and the great possibility of other pipes being yet discovered in the same district. Unlike gold, diamonds can

only be absorbed in strictly limited quantities. At present prices, the world's consumption of diamonds is only five millions sterling per annum. The De Beers Company, single-handed, could do far more than meet the demand, and only by rigidly curtailing the output is the price kept up. What is going to happen when a new factor like the Premier Mine is turning out diamonds on a large scale? It is reckoned that down to the 100-foot level the mine will give twenty million loads. Even at only one carat per load—and this is probably under the mark—the output will be twenty million carats and the profit (at present prices) twenty-two millions sterling. This reads like an Arabian tale, and Mr. Markham, M.P., seemed so dazzled with its lustre that he actually understated the figures. But let only De Beers cut prices, as in the good old days when a parcel of diamonds was handed over the counter with the pound of tea, and then—?

This reference to the contents of the Premier Mine in the first hundred feet opens up a technical question on which the reader not versed in mining, and particularly diamond-mining, is apt to have false notions. The overflow at the surface must not be confounded with the extent of the pipe or crater. The mining area at Kimberley Mine at a depth of 400 feet had gradually shrunk to a quarter of its original size. There were originally over 900 claims worked; now in the deeper levels there are less than eighty, and similarly with other diamond-mines. The overflow at the surface in the case of the Premier is probably much greater than at the Kimberley Mine, where denudation had been actively at work. Mr. G. A. Troye, from data obtained by means of shafts and bore-holes, estimates that at the 500-feet level the Premier Mine will have contracted to an area of rather more than 470 claims, but this is still enough to retain for it the reputation of being by far the biggest diamond-mine in the world.

The diamondiferous deposits cover a very wide district, and the chances are in favour of further discoveries yet being made. Many Companies and many individual prospectors are at work, and the presence of the gems in diamondiferous wash at numerous widely scattered points argues in favour of additional pipes or craters being yet located. The Pretoria District Diamond Company, Limited, working the western half of the farm on which the Premier is situated, and also the farm Byenespoort, still further west, have treated a large quantity of surface-wash, and with very satisfactory

results. There are vast accumulations of alluvial or surface wash on the property, but no pipe has yet been discovered, and the deposits are probably the overflow from the Premier. To the south-east of the Schuller Mine, and owning a portion of the same farm (Rietfontein), the Kaalfontein Diamond Mines are also turning out a fair quantity of stones. It is generally believed that a section of the Schuller No. 2 pipe extends into Kaalfontein. Another Company which has a good output to show is the Montrose Diamond Mines, owning Wryneb, immediately to the north of the Schuller property. This is the property that Mr. J. B. Robinson was at one time connected with, and it is stated that his prospectors obtained 10,000 carats from 12,000 loads. However that may be, Mr. Robinson is no longer a shareholder in the Company. This property, like most others in the district, has, so far, nothing more permanent to show than surface-wash.

The new Diamond Ordinance in the Transvaal is variously regarded according to the point of view from which one looks at it. Up till 1898, diamonds came under the scope of the Gold Law, but the discoveries of 1897 led to the passing of

Law No. 22 of 1898, under which owners of diamond-farms were treated somewhat drastically. The mynpacht was reduced to one-eighth of the proved diamondiferous area, being all the owner could claim, with a minimum to the owner and discoverer (generally the same person) of 120 claims. On the whole, the drift of the 1898 law was confiscatory, in keeping with Mr. Kruger's entire policy at that time, but it reserved to the owner of a diamond-farm one valuable right, namely, the power of selection, so that the eighth selected could be located in the centre of the pipe and might probably take up the whole of the permanent area of the mine. The new Diamond Ordinance, which became law last July, increases the owner's share of the diamondiferous area to 40 per cent., but it takes away his right of selection. Further, the balance of claims over, now amounting to 60 per cent., is no longer to be handed over to the public to "peg out" or to be distributed by lottery. The State will remain the predominant partner in the Premier Mine, retaining a 60 per cent. interest against the shareholders' 40 per cent. The latter will find the capital, and the net profits, after allowing for interest and amortisation, will be distributed between the State and the shareholders in the proportion of 60 and 40 per cent.

These are the outstanding features of the new Diamond Law. Owners of diamond-farms complain that it is even more confiscatory than Mr. Kruger's law of 1898. Their strong point is that it takes away the right of selection. Owing to the tendency of all diamond-mines to shrink or contract to a very limited area at a moderate depth, this power of selection is most valuable, and, with the right to a minimum of a hundred claims under the new law, the owner could, if allowed to choose his ground, easily retain the greater part of the permanent mine in his possession. On the other hand, the owner now gets 40 per cent. of the total undivided claims, and this is some compensation; but the retention by the State of the remaining 60 per cent. is a further grievance in his eyes, inasmuch as it would suit his purpose better if the 60 per cent. claims fell into the hands of weak owners who could be gradually "frozen out," as was done at Kimberley. On the whole, the ratepayer of the Transvaal has little fault to find with the new Diamond Law, and he may well wish to see many more diamond-mines at work, all earning profits (by favour of De Beers) and helping to reduce his heavy load of taxation by a sixty per cent share in the profits.

HOME RAILS.

The traffics for some weeks have not been very encouraging on most of our big lines, but, if we compare them with the corresponding



THE PREMIER DIAMOND-MINE, TRANSVAAL COLONY.

Photograph by R. C. E. Nissen, Johannesburg.

weeks of 1901, we find that, after all, things are not as bad as they look, for twelve months ago nearly every line showed very heavy increases, and in nearly all cases the decreases of this year still leave very substantial improvement over 1901. The latest figures are, even when they look bad, not really discouraging; for instance, the North-Eastern shows a decrease of £4124, which, however, must be set against an increase of £17,738 in 1901; the Midland a decrease of £2603 against an increase of £6506; and even the North-Western figures are a thousand better than in the corresponding week of 1901. The Great Western, South-Eastern, and Great Eastern all show increases upon very satisfactory figures last year. The "nigger on the fence" is, of course, the number of capital issues impending, but should the remaining weeks of the year not prove disappointing there is room for a revival.

THE ARGENTINE RAILWAY BOOM.

Little time was required for the Argentine Railway Market to recover from the effects of the liquidation which, not so many weeks ago, looked as if it were about to take all the pluck out of speculative investors and speculators who had been following the stocks in the hope of prices responding to the changed conditions of affairs in the Republic. Readers of this column will perhaps give us a little credit for having in this instance tirelessly trumpeted the attractions both of Argentine Government bonds and of the Railway stocks, for the advance has been long in coming and has suffered several sharp checks on the way. Now, however, the splendid traffics of the chief lines are at length forcing their meanings upon the attention of the public, and a lot of recent purchasing in the market has been on behalf of the genuine investor, who doesn't mind taking a fair risk in order to make good interest with a possible appreciation of his capital.

How much further the rise will go is now the principal question that presents itself to those interested in the market. Ask the dealers in the Stock Exchange, and the majority will say the advance may be relied upon for further progress, but the idea of a possible reaction before long also finds favour. Any disquieting news affecting Consols and investment markets as a whole, might prove the pivot upon which Argentine Rails would commence to decline. A set-back in Kaffirs, communicating its malinfluence to other sections of the House, administers a sympathetic check to Roseys, Pacifics, Westerns, and other similar stocks. We are inclined to look for reaction before any fresh improvement of substantial nature occurs; it is so natural for people to take profits immediately a hitherto rising market gives signs of turning tail, and one seller makes many. Of the ultimate further advance even upon present levels, we have little doubt, but a shake-out

before the end of the year is probable enough, and the warmest supporters of the market would be willing to see a healthy reaction that gave other investors the opportunity of acquiring cheaper stock.

Saturday, Nov. 28, 1903.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 108, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SE DEFENDENDO.—If the Company would let you off the call and forfeit your shares you would do well to accept such an offer, but the law is that the Company can make you pay whether you are willing to give up your shares or not. Do not flatter yourself with the idea that you will escape being made to pay.

MRS. A. E. W.—Your letter was answered on the 24th inst.

EXMOOR.—(1) The 1886 Argentine Loan stands the highest and pays the least interest. For our own money, Argentine Northern Central or Funding would be good enough; (2) Japanese 5 per cent. Bonds would be a good investment but for the danger of war with Russia, which risk you can appreciate as well as we can; (3) We advise you to hold C. P. stock.

ANTI-JOE.—We really cannot argue Fiscal Policy here.

O. V. D.—(1) Gas Light and Coke, Argentine Funding, or Lady's Pictorial Preference shares would answer your requirements.

B.—(1) No. Don't touch the concern. (2) We have little faith. Get out when you can.

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